

FEB 1 1924

Why Boys Leave Home

# The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3056

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Jan. 30, 1924

## Mr. Fall's \$100,000

*Washington's Latest Mystery Story*

by William Hard

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A British General

on

## A New Franco-German War

by Brigadier General C. B. Thomson

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## Our Own Peace Plan

*The Outlawry of War as the Basis of a New World Order*

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FOUNDED 1865

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SENATOR CARAWAY has branded ex-Secretary Fall as a corruptionist, declaring in his speech in the Senate on January 16 that Mr. Fall "betrayed the high trust imposed in him and, for a *corrupt consideration*, sold the very means by which our national existence is to be protected." Mr. Fall denies it, but he makes no offer to appear in Washington and explain to the Senate and the public the mystery of the \$100,000 cash which he admits receiving from somewhere and of the checks for \$100,000 which he received from Edward B. McLean, of the *Washington Post* and the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, checks which, Mr. McLean says, were torn up and never used. As Mr. Hard points out, in the admirable summary of the situation which we print elsewhere, this is the first time that a man of cabinet position has been charged with malfeasance in office since the Belknap scandal in the administration of Grant. Everybody knew that the appointment of Mr. Fall to the Cabinet was an offense against public morals because of his attitude toward the preservation of the natural resources of America and because of his attitude toward Mexico. But these charges go far beyond that; they constitute a grave smirch upon our national honor. President Coolidge must realize that he cannot remain unmoved in face of the charge, made by Senator Caraway from his seat in the Senate, that Senator Fall and Mr. Sinclair and others would be indicted if it were not for the fact that they are shielded and protected by the Attorney General of the United States whose own impeachment was sought last year.

WILLIAM HARD'S INSISTENCE that the fundamental question in this unsavory mess is a question of public policy rather than of private morality is right. The nation has been robbed and is being robbed, whether Secretary Fall is honest or corrupt. Abandonment of the policy of conservation established under President Roosevelt is the underlying crime. Yet human nature is so constituted, as newspaper-makers learn, that the public will roar at individual sins and let a rotten system continue its putrefaction unnoticed. We have been living in an era in which business has wallowed in the trough. There has been a deal of talk of the "international bankers," but the revelations thus far disclosed, in this inquiry and in the investigation of the Veterans Bureau, disclose 100-per-cent American contractors, oil speculators, exploiters of every sort getting whatever they wanted in Washington, making money at the expense of the public with the knowledge and approval of trusted public officials. If the uproar over Secretary Fall's private dealings awakens the public to the underlying rottenness it will serve a useful part. But the inquiry must not be permitted to concentrate upon an ex-secretary. Secretary Denby collaborated with Mr. Fall in bartering away the nation's oil, and he is still a member of President Coolidge's Cabinet.

LENIN DIED almost precisely at the hour when the House of Commons was voting the "no confidence" in Mr. Baldwin which meant the advent of England's first Labor Government. Seven years ago Lenin was unknown to the world, whose great men seemed to be Lloyd George, Joffre, Wilson, and Hindenburg; and Ramsay MacDonald was a despised pacifist out of a job. In those few years Lenin forced his way to recognition, first as a nuisance, then as a menace, and finally as the most powerful statesman in Europe. The other mighty men have fallen; Lenin, although long too ill to direct his country's policy, dies the world's senior prime minister and the idol of his people. It is too early fully to judge his effect upon the century; but it is probably safe to say that no man has yet moved it more profoundly. Communism as he conceived it has not yet had a real trial, but its powerful dramatization of the class struggle has given new force to the labor movement everywhere and played a part in the silent revolution which has brought labor to power in England. Ramsay MacDonald, bitter as is his opposition to Lenin's theory of dictatorship, owes much to Lenin.

GENERAL ALLEN'S DRIVE for ten million dollars for the starving German children is on. Fair play and justice demand that America rise to the appeal of the American Committee for the Relief of German Children (19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City) as it has nobly responded to others on behalf of Germany, Austria, Russia, Japan, and China. On a later page we print other desperate appeals which have reached us from individuals and organizations in Europe. If there was any doubt as to the necessity of this demand for help it has been removed by the reports made upon their return from Germany by Dr. Haven Emerson and Professor Ernest Patterson of the University



of Pennsylvania. They report appalling conditions which are bound to grow worse; the effect of tuberculosis, scrofula, rickets is such that an increasing toll will be paid as the years pass. A year and a half ago the late Dr. Rathenau declared that 40 per cent of the children of Berlin were without underclothes, and added: "We are fishing suicides out of the rivers and canals every day, and we have never yet found a body that had underwear upon it." Today, Dr. Emerson reports, three-quarters of the working-class children in some places are in need of succor. To state such a case is, we are satisfied, to insure the success of the drive. The war is over; the time is past when men can pray for the destruction of the little children of Germany.

**S**TEP BY STEP our Government is involving us in the civil war in Mexico. We sell arms to one faction and refuse to sell to the other; we will not let the rebels blockade Tampico; we permit the Obregonistas to move their troops across United States territory. We are, in effect, making ourselves responsible for the maintenance in power of the present Mexican Government. A more dangerous policy could hardly be invented. Even actual intervention, followed by withdrawal of troops, might be less dangerous than this policy of assuming responsibility. It is the policy which we attempted to follow, with such disastrous results, in Russia; the policy which Mr. Hughes is working toward in China; the policy which has put our marines in control of Nicaragua, Haiti, Santo Domingo.

**W**HILE LABOR is fingering the reins of power in England and the Swarajists are marching their obstructive majorities into the councils in India Egypt is facing an equally interesting parliamentary situation. With no rioting or disturbance the Zaghlul party swept the country at the recent elections securing an overwhelming majority over all the other parties combined. This means a government committed to the elimination of British dominance; it means the triumph of the recognized leader of the Egyptian nationalist movement. All the leaders of the opposition including the present premier failed of reelection. The formal ending of the British protectorate in 1922 resulted in no lessening of British control; if England is to redeem her many promises of full independence to Egypt it will be through the determined self-help of the Egyptians and not through the grace and honor of England.

**I**F THE STOCK of the bolshevist government were listed on the exchanges it would be rising rapidly enough to make Mr. Hughes gnash his teeth. Here is Ramsay MacDonald declaring that "the pompous policy of standing aloof from Russia will be ended" just as soon as he enters office. Here is a dispatch from Italy declaring that Mussolini has gone so far as to give the name of his proposed ambassador to Moscow and that he has received in return the name of Lenin's choice for the court of Rome. Any day now we may hear that these two countries have entered into full diplomatic relations. Where will that leave Mr. Hughes and President Coolidge? Are they going to continue to believe that the American republic is so gravely in danger of being overturned by foreign propaganda that they cannot countenance a Russian ambassador at the capital? The country is, we believe, ready for recognition. The chief stumbling-blocks today are, if our information is correct, Mr. Coolidge's

difficulty in getting around some of Mr. Hughes's stupid public statements and the opposition of Mr. Gompers and the conservative labor leaders.

**W**E SINCERELY TRUST that the committee which is going to investigate conditions in the Philippines will lose no time in calling before it General Leonard Wood and his sons, Lieutenant Osborne Wood and Leonard Wood, Jr. The government of the Philippines will not suffer by summoning the first two to Washington, for it is common knowledge outside of official circles that General Wood has lost his grip upon the situation in Manila. At least the natives there believe that he aids them by the impotency of his rule. But what is really needed is a little bit more light upon how the get-rich-quick son of the general made his pile. There are market experts who have checked up the lieutenant's statements and declare that they can figure out no way in which he could make half the sum he is said to be worth. Even the *New York Times* declares that there are discrepancies in his statements. He should certainly be given an opportunity to explain, in justice to himself and his father, just how he was able to play the market without previous experience, without means to start with, in one of the most remote cities of the East from which cables to New York take usually about fourteen hours.

**B**ANK CIRCULARS telling how the bankers think the world is faring are among the most revealing literature dumped by the postman on the editor's desk. Just how devoted big business men are to the democratic traditions of America, for instance, is hinted in these amazing reflections from the bulletin of the largest and almost the most powerful bank on this continent, the National City Bank of New York:

The most outstanding development in Europe of the past year or two has been the revulsion from democracy as seen in the setting aside of representative governments and the concentration of authority . . . in individuals. In Austria Dr. Zimmermann, named by the League of Nations, is in control under the terms of a foreign loan. Mussolini heads the government in Italy. . . . In Spain General Primo de Rivera . . . suggested to the prime minister and Parliament that the space they occupied was more desirable than their company. . . . Bulgaria . . . Greece . . . Hungary . . . Germany . . . Democracy had run itself into the ground and in sheer desperation the public welcomed any authority that promised to be strong enough and patriotic enough to give good government. After all, the most important service of government is that of maintaining order and protecting industry and private business. If democracies will learn this lesson they will be greatly benefited by the experience.

When business men talk of "establishing democratic government" in Mexico, Haiti, or China, they mean just such business dictatorships, and nothing more.

**M**USIC "THAT AROUSED THE PASSIONS" would be censored by a bill proposed in Colorado, according to Judge Ben Lindsey; and the high-paid executive of a reform organization, shocked by the sight of young boys gazing at the lingerie in a department-store window, wanted to "see to it that the windows were properly dressed." One might suspect Judge Lindsey of inventing his amusing reformer if it were not that Massachusetts is providing an



almost equally ludicrous drama of censorship. Boston recently saw a film—a film with a moral—in which appeared an illegitimate child. It happens that by an eccentricity of Bay State law the Boston city authorities censor on week-days, but the State has that power on Sundays. And the State board proceeded to rule that the child must be made legitimate. Accordingly the captions were revised; on week days the child is still illegitimate, but on Sundays there can be no illegitimacy in Massachusetts, and the new captions carefully rewrite the story and marry the child's parents! Then, on the following week-days, the child resumed its illegitimate status. This, of course, is censorship carried to absurdity; Judge Lindsey also dwells on its fundamental fallacy. Censorship, he says, cannot take all responsibility for what youth shall see, read, hear, or think; our part is to devote "more time and effort in homes, schools, and churches to equip them with the knowledge necessary to grapple with and conquer evil wherever it is encountered on the path of life."

**M**R. LAWRENCE MARTIN, correspondent of the United Press, went to call on the American Cheka the other day and found him in his office. The interview is described in these words:

Daugherty was asked to explain these points about the Government's foreign policy:

1. Whether the "abundant evidence" which he said in a formal statement the Department had of Communist activities in the United States directed from Moscow warranted criminal prosecution;

2. If so, why the Department does not prosecute;

3. Why, if this evidence is not sufficient to warrant prosecutions of Communists alleged to be plotting overthrow of the American Government, it is considered sufficient to warrant the State Department withholding recognition from Russia.

Daugherty started by saying that "The Attorney General has said all he is going to say about this matter. Too much attention is being paid already to these flabby-minded weaklings who are trying to tear down our house."

"Do you support these agitators?" Daugherty asked. "Are you one of these weak-minded people who talk about free speech every time some one tries to curb these agitators?"

He said that the Government does not jail the agitators because then a "lot of silly people" would start parades and free-speech demonstrations.

Then Daugherty was asked whether this Government is afraid of these "flabby-minded weaklings" whom Secretary of State Hughes regards as dangerous enough to warrant withholding of Russian recognition.

"If you ask that question seriously you are a nut, like the rest of those that ask it," replied Daugherty. "To the extent that you think like they do, you are a nut. That is the official Department of Justice opinion of you. You are a nut." Thereupon he terminated the interview thus: "That's all. I'm busy."

**A** BAREFOOT YOUNG MAN was arrested in Passaic, New Jersey, on New Year's Eve, three minutes after he began an address in the street. The man had in his pocket an official permit for street speaking; the charge was "indecent exposure." Next morning the judge released Bill Simpson and he trudged back to his shanty in Wallington, still with feet bare, to continue the job for which he gave up the ministry when the church condoned war—the job of building houses for poor people. He accepts no pay

and has few possessions, subsisting on what is shared with him by the people he serves—Pole, Negro, Italian, American. His stand, he says, is taken neither as a protest nor to set an example. He asks no one to follow his action. He wonders "what is the use of our talking about Jesus when He said very plainly that so long as we left one human being hungry or thirsty or cold or unfriended or in prison, even so we left Him?" "... Where is the goodness of giving out of what we do not need, of giving (whether it be ten cents or ten millions) which still leaves us hundreds of dollars for ourselves, and our tables and wardrobes full? Only that giving has beauty that makes us equal with the man to whom we give." Not many men are as relentlessly logical in their application of the creed they profess.

Then all of a doggone sudden

A peak riz over the sun

And I swear on me soul, 'twas the Arctic Pole.

Then what do you think I done?

**T**HE HERO of Wallace Irwin's song immediately "done what a wight in a similar plight with a similar pole would do"; he headed straight south and left the top of the world to the people to whom it properly belonged—walruses and polar bears. But to Secretary Denby, arch-imperialist, no native rights are sacred. The Shenandoah is to start for the Pole and when it arrives, he says, it is to annex that desirable bit of real estate to these great United States. Perhaps it will even leave a few marines to make sure that American rights are respected and that none of the native inhabitants of the country lie around eating icicles when they should be building military roads and executive mansions. Senator Dill has made the best suggestion yet for the proper administration of this new territorial acquisition. He would call it Coolidgeland and instal Secretary Fall as Governor General to keep an eye on the oil-wells which may be discovered under the ice.

**L** EMMETT HOLT possessed to a remarkable degree the quality of remaining intellectually young. His passing at almost seventy was not that of one who had finished and laid aside his work, but rather that of a man in the prime of his accomplishment. Recognized as the dean among specialists in the diseases of childhood, he had as practitioner, teacher, investigator, and author attained to every honor which his profession affords. Thousands now living owe to his skill as a doctor their existence or their health; twenty classes of graduates of the College of Physicians and Surgeons remember as a thing apart the marvelous clarity of his clinics and his lectures. For almost forty years he had been making pediatrics a science. His textbook on the diseases of infancy and childhood, revised and re-revised, has remained through three decades the standard textbook in English on this subject, while his little book for the guidance of mothers has deservedly been a "best-seller" in the truest sense of the word. To the broader aspects of child health Dr. Holt was equally alive; no set formula confined his activities. Whatever might advance the health of children in the world found in him a ready sponsor; his contributions to the work of the Child Health Organization and to its successor, the American Child Health Association, cannot be measured. His colleagues of his own generation and the younger men who found his mind, rich in experience, ever abreast of their most advanced thinking will miss a precious and inspiring influence.

## Our Own Peace Program

WE must confess that we were *not* among the 22,165 contestants for the Bok peace prize; we were too modest, and in addition had an underlying "hunch" that we were not sufficiently enamored of the League of Nations. But, now that the contest is over and an extra office boy is busily engaged in opening the rejected plans which come to us seeking a way to the public, a perusal of some of them has convinced us that perhaps after all it is our duty to recall to our readers the various steps which we have advocated as moving toward the elimination of war. We are the more encouraged to do so because a further pondering of the Bok peace-prize plan increases our belief that there is little in that plan which makes for peace. To our mind the objective is the

### OUTLAWRY OF WAR.

War is today legalized and sanctioned; our whole structure of international law is built around it; most of its code deals with what can or cannot be done in time of war by belligerents or neutrals. To retain the system of war we have created a senseless, medieval distinction between disputes among nations by dividing them into justiciable and non-justiciable. The latter are supposed in some way so to affect the "honor" of nations that they can be ended only by blood-letting, even as in dueling days a man's life might be lost because some other fellow thumbed his nose at him and so tarnished his "honor." What is needed today is to make the resort to war in *any case* an international crime. This does away with non-justiciable disputes and also the right of self-defense when attacked. The attacker becomes a violator of law; the attacked is in no worse position than was Greece when Italy occupied Corfu; or China when invaded by Japan as in Shantung; or Haiti or Santo Domingo when we violated their respective sovereignties. The appeal then lies, clearly and definitely, to the conscience of the world and also to a

### WORLD COURT WITH COMPULSORY JURISDICTION.

Should the true world court be that just established under the League of Nations or that of the Hague? It could be built on either; the important thing is that it shall have *universal compulsory jurisdiction* without which the existing courts are helpless to interfere in any dispute if one of the contestants declines that intervention.

Together with a genuine world court and the outlawry of war should come

### COMPLETE DISARMAMENT.

No nation should be permitted to organize a force on *military lines*. Domestic law and order should be maintained by bodies organized and drilled as police and *not* as soldiers—a vital difference. The elimination of the professional military or naval man from the world, trained and paid as he is to plan, plot, and prepare wars and to dwell incessantly upon the next war and its danger and desirability, would be one of the longest steps toward world peace. Hand and hand with this should go the restriction of all manufacture of weapons to governments (as pledged for England by Lloyd George during the World War), so that no one should have the opportunity or the temptation to make private profits out of the sale or manufacture of war vessels or war materials. The desire for those profits

has been the reason for many war-scares, and even wars. The next step is, naturally, a

### PARLIAMENT OF NATIONS

to which would be referred such questions (many of them now handled by the League of Nations) as the traffic in white slaves, opium, obscene literature, postal matters, international labor negotiations, maritime issues, etc., which were previously treated in special international conferences. This must be a parliament of *all* the nations of the world, not, like the League, an assembly dominated by the victorious Powers which the neutrals and the "pariah" nations are invited to join only when they are weak and "behave." Gradually by a normal and orderly growth such an annual or biennial convocation would come to deal with the equitable distribution of the world's supply of raw materials and similar questions of vital moment to the whole world which are now subject only to the laws of the jungle written and executed by the powerful countries of the globe. These now attain their will by theft, by conquest, by violence, by chicanery camouflaged as "peaceful penetration," "protecting nationals investing abroad," "spheres of influence," "mandates," "concessions to benefit the concessionaire but also to uplift the natives," "aiding to self-government those not yet capable of self-government."

Are these

### PRACTICAL STEPS?

Eminently so. The proposal for the outlawry of war has received the support of some of the most eminent jurists in the country, including Senator Borah, who has again introduced his bill committing the United States to this policy. The development of the World Court into one with compulsory jurisdiction was prevented by the League of Nations which eliminated the compulsory clauses. A campaign of education must be undertaken here. None of these proposals can be carried without careful planning and long-continued effort under sincere leadership. No scheme for eliminating war can be devised to be put into effect overnight. Any such proposal must encounter the greed of an acquisitive society ruled by private profit and the greed of nations intrenched in territory filched from others.

So far as the United States is concerned the acceptance of any such program means the turning over of a new leaf in its policy as to the Western Hemisphere, the abandonment of the present conception of the Monroe Doctrine under which we assume the morally indefensible position of telling the weaker nations to the south of us how they shall live and how they shall be governed, and of exploiting them financially precisely as England and France and Germany exploit, or exploited, their colonial territories. By forcing our will upon other nations we have produced in Haiti and Santo Domingo, and are in Mexico a contributory cause of, conditions which approximate a war status.

What is needed among all the nations is a genuine will to peace; in other words, a readiness to devote as much time, thought, and money to the elimination of war from the world as is now expended by the great nations in imposing their wills on others, in maintaining armaments, and in preparing for that next war which more and more experts, as well as the moralists and humanitarians, believe will involve the destruction of what is left of our existing civilization.



## Two Years of Poincaré

THE days of Poincaré as prime minister are numbered. He has lost his old confidence in parliamentary debate; the Paris press, so long his faithful heeler, is barking jackal-like at him; and the political intrigues which always precede the fall of a ministry are under way. Barthou, or Loucheur, or Herriot may succeed him, but there can be little change in policy. Whoever governs France today must govern with the same Chamber of Deputies as made and maintained Poincaré, the chamber elected in 1919 when wartime passions still ruled France; and that chamber will permit no sharp reversal of French policy.

Poincaré's fall may nevertheless mean much to Europe. For, however slight the immediate change of policy, and even though he maneuver the parliamentary situation so that his defeat appear to pivot upon some lesser domestic issue, France and the world will know that he fell because his Ruhr policy was a failure. The recognition of that fact may have a marked effect upon the outcome of the elections for a new chamber in March or April, and in those elections is a great hope for Europe.

In a remarkable dispatch from Paris Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy of the *New York World* sums up the many causes for dissatisfaction:

The Separatist movement he fostered has been denounced; the franc has depreciated 86 per cent since he came into power; the cost of living has gone up; the Allied Commission of Control in Germany no longer exists except in name; the Ruhr maneuvers have served no end; no reparations seem likely to come in during the year; the Experts' Committee, which the premier at first fought so stubbornly, is functioning and will unquestionably have a vital effect; Ramsay MacDonald is about to link up with Russia, which Poincaré has been implored to do for months past; the United States has been alienated by ignoring the debt issue; French prestige in the Near East has lapsed to what it was in 1914, when Liman von Sanders ruled in Turkey; Italy and Spain have joined hands across France and the sea, necessitating extra naval expenditure; France, as a direct result of Poincaré's policy, must submit to crushing taxes; war victims and inhabitants of the devastated areas have to go begging for millions which have been allotted to them.

Even M. Poincaré's ministers have let him down: M. Raiberti, Minister of Marine, who let the Dixmude go up in spite of warning twelve hours before a tempest; de Lasteyrie, the Finance Minister, whose remedy for the financial chaos had to do principally with conditions for the sale of matches; Chéron, who has sent up the cost of living by boosting agricultural districts; Maunoury, who failed to take precautions against floods in Paris.

Everybody jumps upon a beaten dog, and M. Poincaré will be blamed for much that is not his fault. But the primary fact remains: the Ruhr policy was his, and the Ruhr policy is a failure. *The Nation* has long pointed out that it has cost France far more than it has brought her; that even M. Poincaré now admits—he puts his faith in the future, and justifies himself by the unconvincing plea that France might have been worse off still if he had not sent the army marching into the Ruhr. The fall of the franc marks the recognition in the international money markets of the failure of his program. If by drastic economies and sudden increases in tax rates he can check the fall of the franc, he may hold on until the election; but it is unlikely. When the cost of living is rising men are not ingratiated by wage cuts. M.

Poincaré lost the Chamber a few weeks ago when he attempted to oppose an increase of pay for the police and other civil officials—there were even riots by the police on the streets of Paris. He gave way then, but the increase is cut off by this new desperate resort to "economies," and he is accordingly becoming very unpopular with an important and hitherto loyal group.

Something more than personal unpopularity for M. Poincaré, however, is needed. More even is needed than recognition of the failure of his Ruhr policy as a means of collecting reparations. So far as French opinion goes he will fall because he was unsuccessful, not because he was wrong. Liberal and reactionary are joining hands in opposition to him. M. Tardieu will vote against him because he has not been severe enough with Germany. M. Herriot, who today leads the liberal attack upon Poincaré, abstained from voting rather than vote against the Government when Poincaré invaded the Ruhr; he took pains to make it clear that he too would favor military invasion if he believed it would help win reparations. Sometime, out of that France which set the pace for Europe in the democratic political revolution which is not yet completed, there must rise a leader who will see beyond the petty fears and avarices which beset present-day statesmen. He will plead for a genuine policy of reconciliation which, looking forward, not ever backward at the war, will seek the common interest of the two great peoples who have made the history of Western Europe—France and Germany.

## Sanity Creeps Back

FAINT intimations of freedom appear here and there in the land. The federal political prisoners have been freed. German speakers and German artists are allowed to appear in the former strongholds of hate. German babies are fed by American dollars. And President Butler is out for freedom of speech.

All of this is encouraging. We have grown so accustomed to the intellectual thuggery of war and post-war days that level-headed tolerance strikes us as almost shocking. So, when we read President Butler's reply to the protests of the Italian evangelical ministers against the appointment of Signor Papini as a lecturer at Columbia, we are stirred to astonishment. "There is no more unhappy tendency in our contemporary American life," writes Dr. Butler, "than that to persecute those individuals and those doctrines with which we may not ourselves happen to agree." These are fine words and we have no doubt that Dr. Butler means them. With all his reactionary tendencies the president of Columbia is a philosopher and a man of balance. He dislikes excesses; he disapproves of scenes. Left to himself, away from wars or political conventions, he is likely to behave with liberality and decency, and so he is doubtless expressing his own honest judgment when he says in the same letter: "This spirit of persecution is far more un-American than anything which Signor Papini or any other distinguished European man of letters could possibly say or write about us."

None the less this letter, even in the words we have quoted, carries with it some qualifications. President Butler would not under any circumstances suppress the words of a "distinguished European man of letters." And the fact that Signor Papini is a passionate Fascist as well as a vitri-



olic critic of America is not to be allowed to disbar him. All of which is quite, quite right, and we agree with President Butler. But what if Signor Papini were not a distinguished man of letters or a scholar? Suppose he did not know his letters at all, and suppose instead of being a Fascist he were a Socialist and as a visitor to our shores poured out the vials of his bitterness against our American institutions. Would President Butler, we wonder, favor a warm-hearted hospitality toward such a man? Would he say, as he has said of Signor Papini that if he "has written unkind or censorious things of our modern life or of any of our national leaders, surely there can be no better way to bring him to a better understanding of us and of them than by giving him every opportunity to move about among us on that plane of intellectual freedom and moral equality which belongs to every honest-minded human being"? Would President Butler say that about a leading Italian radical—or even about a leading American radical? Well, we have never heard him do it, but perhaps we shall yet. Perhaps, one of these days, we shall hear him pleading for justice and an honest trial for Sacco and Vanzetti, or for fair treatment of Carlo Tresca, or even for an end of the humiliating and idiotic attacks on Captain Paxton Hibben who has committed lese majeste against the State Department by daring to sympathize with Soviet Russia.

We are not wholly ironical in these suggestions. We honestly believe that Nicholas Murray Butler is an outstanding representative of a fairly large class in America which is fundamentally willing to reason. The war made reason almost synonymous with treason; but now the war is over, or at least its waves have receded from our shores. And reason has flowed back. American conservatives may be less willing than their British prototypes to respect the right of every man to his own brand of folly or wisdom; but they have something of the same heritage of tolerance. It breaks down under stress; revolution or war or any acute emotional strain will demolish it and supplant it with passion or panic. But this fact does not mean that tolerance is an unreal thing or a mere pretense. It merely means that decent attitudes and impulses are products of civilization and cannot flourish widely or in most persons in an atmosphere of madness and danger and destruction. And while our President Butlers may never come all the way through to a position of fairness; while they may always find it easier to tolerate dissent if it is coupled with respectability and distinction; while they may utter fine sentiments in regard to a Signor Papini that they would hate to see applied all around the lot—still we may be thankful for even a hint of returning sanity. It is conceivable that finally not only noted Fascists but obscure radicals—and thus the whole life of the country—may benefit by it.

Fear is manifestly subsiding in America. The return of confidence and tolerance is to be detected in other colleges than Columbia. Vassar has by specific statute granted to teachers complete freedom of instruction, research, and outside activity; the federal and State laws are to be the only limits. Wellesley has included a representative of the faculty as a regular member of the board of trustees, though for some reason this representative may not himself or herself be a faculty member. Thus minor changes of attitude and method creep into our colleges as they creep into our public life, until presently we may hope to find ordinary people acting like free men and women and not like either watchdogs or thieves in the night.

## Why Boys Leave Home

CORNING, N. Y., January 17.—Protesting against the interruption of what they hoped was to be a tour of the world with San Francisco as the first stop Paul Gorman, fourteen years old, and Maurice Sullivan, twelve, of Sayre, Pa., were taken from an Erie freight train here yesterday and today were returned to their homes.

**F**EW items in the newspapers can give us more pleasure than ones like the above. They are immeasurably more important than the dull columns with "spread heads" in regard to the arrangements for the Democratic national convention or the mock warfare of the fleet off the Isthmus of Panama. We rate items like that from Corning, New York, as of equal importance with accounts of how the daughter of a wealthy banker has eloped with the family chauffeur or the son of a multimillionaire has married the pantrymaid. They are the significant news of our country and our age because they show that human nature is still at work in the same old way in spite of all the restrictions and conventions with which we try to wall it up. As long as twelve-year-old boys run away from home to start around the world, nobody need worry about the deterioration of the younger generation or the future of the United States.

We wish, of course, that Paul and Maurice had got a little further than Corning, New York, before they were collared and sent back to their parents to be threatened with a spanking and embraced with tears. We wish they might have got as far at least as Chicago, and have become very hungry and very tired before they were picked up asleep on a railway-station bench by a kind policeman. For it speaks well of human nature that policemen who pick up adventuring boys always seem to be good fellows who delight in buying them hot soup out of their own pocket money.

Fortunately boys—even after they are supposedly mature men—have been running away from home ever since homes began. It is the only thing that makes either them or the homes tolerable. And America, in particular, is a nation of runaways. First they ran away from Europe and settled the Atlantic seaboard. Not satisfied with that, another generation ran away to the Mississippi Valley or the Golden Gate. Now they are running away to Alaska, South America, or the Orient—or doubling on their tracks back to Europe.

Doubtless both Paul and Maurice will live to take longer voyages than that to Corning, but none will be more important or so well remembered. Paul may grow up to be a small merchant in his native town; he may build a house with three verandahs, and a cupola on top; he may become a deacon in the church and the father of a comfortable-sized family; and once in so often he may go off to the convention of his lodge in Philadelphia or Buffalo. But that "tour of the world" will not be forgotten. Maurice may become a broker in New York City, with an apartment on Riverside Drive and his own bootlegger. Some year when business is neither too good nor too bad he may let his wife persuade him to take a six months' trip around the world on a luxurious steamship. But nothing that he may see will be up to that trip that was nipped at Corning.

Boys leave home because they are always more eager to explore what beckons to them from the window than to sit by the fire. When they cease to do so we will have become an insufferably dull people, and the world will have grown too stale to explore or be explored.

## Mr. Fall's \$100,000

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE inquiry at Washington into the leasing of federal naval oil reserves to private individuals has taken a turn most distressing from the standpoint of personalities and also most unfortunate from the standpoint of public impersonal interest. The true evil, if any, in the present naval oil reserve situation appears in the following facts:

1. In dealing with the federal naval oil reserves the Navy Department and the Interior Department have embarked upon a policy not authorized by Congress either in principle or in detail.

2. In pursuance of this new policy the Navy Department and the Interior Department have abandoned the Roosevelt idea of the conservation of naval oil in the ground and have gone over to the idea of the current commercial use of it along with a limited storage of it in tanks at naval stations.

These two facts are the outstanding crucial facts in the situation from the standpoint of the interest of the nation.

Yet these two facts, having been voluminously presented in hearings before a senatorial subcommittee, awakened few echoes of interested response from the public until to them there were added some further facts regarding Mr. Fall's personal affairs.

The peril (proved or persuasively asserted) to the future of the nation passed almost unregarded. Immense alarm arose when it was discovered that six heifers and one bull and one stallion had been received by Mr. Fall from Mr. Harry F. Sinclair in circumstances which conveyed a doubt as to whether Mr. Fall had paid for them adequately.

Along with these disclosures about the heifers and the bull and the stallion there came additionally disclosures about a ranch and two Cadillac cars and a hydro-electric plant costing \$45,000 for pumping water on lands belonging to Mr. Fall and four additional bulls costing \$3,000.

The great national question of the moment came into being. Where did Mr. Fall get the money for the four bulls? Where did Mr. Fall get the \$100,000 which he at one time said he got from Mr. Edward B. McLean in cash but which it now in fact appears he got from him in checks which he did not use and which therefore could not have produced the \$100,000 in cash which Mr. Fall admits he had before he bought the bulls and the hydro-electric plant and the other things?

Still more intense interest arose when Archie Roosevelt appeared and testified. Two things stood out in his testimony: In the first place, that the general situation of the Sinclair oil organization made Archie Roosevelt feel that it was no place for him. His resignation, considering the fact that he is a young man of no other financial prospects whatsoever, was manifestly demanded only by his own conscience. In the second place, the testimony developed that \$25,000 in Liberty bonds and \$70,000 in Sinclair oil stock had been given to Colonel Zeveny, after whom Mr. Sinclair named the well-known race-horse. Colonel Zeveny is known to be engaged in conducting negotiations with public officials. Mr. Sinclair's secretary, although he contradicted Archie Roosevelt's testimony that he had said he held \$68,000 in canceled checks from Mr. Sinclair to Secretary Fall's foreman, admitted these payments but

could recall no reason for them. The testimony further showed that Mr. Sinclair had left the country in a very, very great hurry. These facts are all important, but they do not yet constitute legally proved guilt, and they divert attention from the fundamental fact that Mr. Fall's policy, whether the spontaneous product of his own conscience or bought and paid for, constituted plundering of the public domain and destruction of the national defense.

I will now relate the inward story of the way in which a really public question which had only superficially stirred the public was made into a personal private question which has stirred it to its depths. There was in Washington a man occupying a high position in the service of a nation-wide newspaper organization. He happened to know a reporter on a certain newspaper in the West. This reporter had been assigned by his newspaper to go down into New Mexico and to study Mr. Fall's personal affairs at the time preceding and at the time following the contracts which Mr. Fall gave to Mr. Sinclair and to Mr. Doheny for what is so gracefully called "the development" of Naval Oil Reserve Number Three in Wyoming and of Naval Oil Reserve Number One in California.

Now it happened that the newspaper by which this reporter was employed had attacked Mr. Fall severely for these contracts. It also happened, however, that this newspaper suddenly ceased to attack Mr. Fall and thereupon failed to print the reporter's report.

The report was in existence. It lay in the reporter's desk. The distinguished newspaper dignitary in Washington happened to know the reporter and happened to know what his desk contained. He thereupon went to Senator Walsh of Montana, the most active member of the senatorial subcommittee investigating the matter of naval oil reserves; and he suggested that the reporter with the unpublished report should be asked to come to Washington. He was asked. He preferred to be subpoenaed. He was subpoenaed. He came. He gave to Senator Walsh the names of the persons whom in New Mexico he had interviewed. He thereupon was excused. He did not appear in public before the subcommittee. He went away out of town back to his desk, which contained the report never published by his newspaper. Senator Walsh, having thus learned the names of various informed persons in New Mexico, sent for them.

It thereupon was shown that Mr. Fall's financial situation, in the period preceding his accession to the post of Secretary of the Interior and in the period accompanying and following his grant of leases of naval oil-reserve land to Mr. Sinclair and to Mr. Doheny, could be illustrated by the following incidents:

For some years before Mr. Fall became Secretary of the Interior he had not been able to pay the taxes on lands of his in New Mexico. Suddenly, after having become Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fall was able to buy a ranch at a cost of \$91,500 and some other land at a cost of \$23,000, and the two famous or infamous Cadillac cars at a cost of \$8,000, and the bulls at a cost of \$3,000. He was also able to construct his hydro-electric plant at a cost of



\$45,000. He also was able to pay up his back taxes to the amount of \$8,000. He finally was able to pay Mr. Sinclair \$1,100 for the six heifers and the bull which Mr. Sinclair had sent him from Mr. Sinclair's farm in New Jersey. Mr. Fall did not pay Mr. Sinclair for the stallion. The stallion, it appears, was a present from Mr. Sinclair to Mr. Fall's ranch foreman. Mr. Sinclair paid the transportation charges on the stallion and also on the heifers and the bull. These charges amounted to \$1,105.20.

The whole transaction accordingly, since it cost Mr. Sinclair \$1,105.20, and since Mr. Fall paid him only \$1,100, represented to Mr. Sinclair a net loss of \$5.20. In other words, it cost him \$5.20 to make a present of the stallion and to sell the heifers and the bull.

This \$5.20 has developed into having an important bearing on the future naval oil policy of the United States. It is seen—or it is supposed to be seen—that if the relations between Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Fall are of this nature, why, then, we perhaps ought to have some sort of change from the present policy pursued by the Navy Department and the Interior Department in reference to oil.

At this point in the exposition of this drama it became naturally incumbent on Mr. Fall to explain his sudden affluence. He thereupon committed the act which has transformed him into the most spectacularly suspected cabinet minister in this country since Secretary of War Belknap came to impeachment in the presidency of Ulysses S. Grant.

Mr. Fall asserted in a letter to Senator Walsh's subcommittee that he had received as a loan from Mr. Edward B. McLean the sum of \$100,000 in cash.

Thereupon there immediately arose in Washington a sort of epidemic of persons who wanted to know how it was that Mr. McLean could lend \$100,000 in cash to Mr. Fall when at that very moment they had judgments against Mr. McLean which he was not able to pay.

Advised and admonished by their natural and also perfectly legalized feelings, Senator Walsh proceeded to Palm Beach in Florida and there found Mr. McLean and more or less compulsively besought him to testify, not indeed as to his capacity to lend \$100,000 in cash but as to his actual performance or non-performance of the lending. Mr. McLean, confronted by the quiet and modest but persistent and undiscourageable presence of Senator Walsh, said that the \$100,000 had been in the form of checks and that Mr. Fall subsequently had returned these checks to him uncashed. It therefore became totally clear that Mr. Fall's \$100,000 in bills could not have come from Mr. McLean.

Washington now pants upon the question: Where could they have come from?

Meanwhile, if one were not a reporter but a novelist, one might put Mr. Fall's mysterious \$100,000 second and Mr. Fall's concept of the nation's future first.

Mr. Fall, before he was a Secretary of the Interior, was a United States Senator. As a Senator, he perfectly frankly made it plain to all his fellow Senators, including Warren Gamaliel Harding of Ohio, that he did not for one moment believe in the policy of public domain conservation. He believed in passing the public domain over into "development" and into the hands of private enterprise and of privately enterprising persons. His friendships were among such persons. He liked their ideas and he liked their manners and customs and temperaments, and he went along with them, argumentatively and personally, all through his career as a Senator and all through the time therefore when Sena-

tor Harding was forming his judgment of Senator Fall.

Mr. Harding, having formed this judgment of him, and having become President, made him Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Fall did precisely what his record as a Senator predicted that he would do. He did precisely what his record, as crowned and sanctified by his appointment as Secretary of the Interior, might almost be said to have justified him in doing. He persuaded the Navy Department to put its public domain into the general public domain pool under the control of the Interior Department and he then proceeded to let it out, in vast acreages, in Naval Oil Reserve Number Three and in Naval Oil Reserve Number One to Mr. Sinclair and to Mr. Doheny on terms rapidly facilitating "the development" of oil and on terms not too onerous or too restrictive upon Mr. Sinclair's and Mr. Doheny's activities and profits.

For a novelist then the problem of mind and heart and soul would take the following far from legalistic guise:

Did Mr. Fall in the contracts which he let to Mr. Sinclair and to Mr. Doheny have the state of mind which a conservationist like Mr. Gifford Pinchot would have had if he had been the governmental signer of them? Did he have a pang of conscience? Then, in case he got his mysterious \$100,000 from any person who benefited by either of those contracts, he did wrong.

But did he have any pang of conscience? Did he, in the letting of those contracts, simply follow out his long-declared and conscientiously disclosed senatorial theories regarding the public domain? Were his contracts with Mr. Sinclair and with Mr. Doheny both consistent with his record and congruous with his sense of right? Then, in case he borrowed money from a friend who happened to be also a developer and practitioner of oil, he may have felt himself not bribed at all but only befriended.

The truly clear thing that emerges from the whole situation is not the interesting guilt—or the interesting degree of guilt—of Mr. Fall. It is the fatally uninteresting blow given to conservation policy and constitutional precedent.

Translating that abstract language into concrete details, one may mention certain appallingly uninteresting statistics about Naval Oil Reserve Number One. Here were two hundred and fifty million barrels of oil in the ground. They were congressionally intrusted to the Navy for future use in naval national defense. They are now—from time to time—to be pumped out of the reserve by Mr. Doheny. Mr. Doheny will pay in royalties to the Federal Government a certain proportion of his pumpings. This proportion will perhaps amount to one-fifth of the total. It will amount, according to Senator Walsh's calculations, to approximately fifty million barrels. Two-thirds of this fifty million, without any authorization at all from Congress, will be paid back to Mr. Doheny to compensate him for building certain wharves and channels and storage tanks. In those tanks there will be placed all that remains of the oil from Naval Oil Reserve Number One. This remainder, out of the original two hundred and fifty million barrels, will be approximately sixteen million five hundred thousand barrels.

Executive usurpation in taking oil congressionally granted for conservation and using it for buying tanks and channels and wharves! Executive usurpation in changing a whole policy of conservation into a whole new policy of current use and sale! Those are the momentous national defense issues to which Mr. Fall's personal little treasure trove of \$100,000 has lent a fleeting national curiosity.



## A New Franco-German War

By C. B. THOMSON

[Brigadier General Thomson, who was attached to the Supreme War Council during the Great War, has recently been acting as correspondent for the London Sunday Observer in Germany and the Balkans. According to cable dispatches he is expected to be appointed Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs in the new Labor Cabinet.]

Berlin, December 25

BERLIN is enjoying a spell of fine cold weather, the kind of weather one associates with Christmas, or at any rate with Christmas cards. A light carpet of snow makes the streets look bright and transforms the Tiergarten into a fairyland. The branches of the trees are strangely still; yet, though snow-draped, the delicate tracery of their higher boughs stands out distinct and lustrous on the background of an opalescent sky. Below, black tree trunks border snowy vistas leading to white and silent spaces; here one forgets the nearness of the city where dwells so much despair. For Berlin is a city of despair, in spite of the sunshine and attempts at Christmas jollity, in spite of the flaunted luxury of profiteers, and even in spite of the renten mark.

This last expedient, for it is nothing more, has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations. Renten marks are at once banknotes and consols; the present issue of something over a thousand millions is the first installment of a sum equivalent to 4 per cent of the total value of all private property in Germany (state property, such as the railways and some mines, is excluded). All holders of renten marks are shareholders in this national security, which, though as such it may be worthless, being unrealizable, serves as a bond of union. Renten marks are not legal tender; on this account they are being left alone by international speculators and are less liable to violent fluctuation. This arrangement has obvious advantages, but it suffers from the disadvantage that there is no conduit connecting Germany's new currency with the world.

Nevertheless, the new currency has been well received by the German public; it is the principal medium for internal transactions and so far has been stable; in a way, it has restored Germany's self-respect and on that account alone has served a useful purpose. Although prices rose on its first introduction, they have fallen since; the present high cost of certain manufactured articles is due to other causes such as the price of coal. But unless the banks take up future issues of renten marks on a large scale the latter will depreciate. Again, if the Government does not practice strict economy and make revenue balance with expenditure, if, in other words, the supply of currency is not equal to demand and the percentage of the security has to be raised from 4 to 8 or even 12 per cent, renten marks will in their turn become discredited. How to effect economies is the problem. The salaries of civil servants cannot be reduced, many are drawing less than \$26 a month; while if government subsidies for the unemployed are discontinued a serious situation will arise.

At best, therefore, the renten mark is a temporary device designed to enable Germany to tide over the next few months by living on her own fat, or rather on the fat

of that portion of the community which is the least vocal and has the smallest power of making its grievances heard. For a permanent restoration of German finances, foreign capital is needed to quicken German enterprise. At present, though well equipped with factories and workshops, German industry has no ready money; the big industrialists put all their war and post-war profits into new construction, partly to avoid taxation and partly from a miscalculation as to the future of German trade.

In 1920 and 1921 trade prospects in Germany were relatively rosy; but calculations on the basis of those years have been upset. The occupation of the Ruhr and the general international situation are rapidly ruining German industry. Although wages are low—a first-class workman earns about 24 marks for a forty-eight-hour week, or about \$6—the cost of manufacture has risen; articles which a few months back were sold for a quarter of the British price are now more expensive in Berlin than they are in London. As a consequence Germany's export trade is diminishing and will soon reach the vanishing-point. No longer are cheap German goods obtainable, and no longer can Germany procure with them the raw material needed for her industry. A period of stagnation has set in whose consequences are too horrible to contemplate. Unemployment is increasing by leaps and bounds. The latest figures show five million unemployed or short-time workers.

When asked if they see any way out of the present deadlock, most Germans are profoundly pessimistic. All of them realize that no remedy can be found while the French remain in the Ruhr. It is for them the same thing as a military occupation of Lancashire would be for England. But how to get the French army out of the Ruhr is another matter. One leading industrial magnate took the view that for a sufficiently large sum of money the French would quit, his theory being that France was bankrupt and had to have hard cash. But since Germany's total foreign investments cannot exceed 200 million sterling, it is difficult to see where the money is to come from. Neither Great Britain nor America will find it; they are the creditors of France who has not yet begun to pay the interest on her debts; and to bribe her now to desist from an evil act would incite other victorious states to follow her example. It is none the less necessary, however, for France's late allies to consider where French policy is leading them.

If Germany is left to the tender mercies of the French Government two results will follow. The first will be a complete and unconditional capitulation by the German people. Already the industrial magnates in the Ruhr have capitulated and for all practical purposes are no longer German citizens. The workers in the Ruhr and a great part of the Rhineland have become the drudges of France through their betrayal by men like Stinnes, who are commonly described as captains of industry, but whose vision and patriotism are as circumscribed as those of any other flunkey. When this process has been extended to the whole of Germany, not only will France's political triumph be complete and her imperialist designs encouraged, she will also be the predominant economic force in Europe, and for

a time throughout the world. She will be in a position to underbid both Britain and the United States in world markets, because she will have at her disposal sweated German labor. If British or American industrialists really believe that they can get a finger in this pie—and rumor has it that some of them do entertain this fond belief—the only comment to be made is that though these gentry may be hard faced they do not know the French. For the moment the working classes throughout Germany are beaten to their knees; the specter of want haunts their homes; they are exhausted both morally and physically; millions of city dwellers have lost their nerve through insufficient nourishment. Two or three years must pass before the national character can assert itself; today, one bomb dropped in Berlin would cause a panic.

The next result of the world's passive acquiescence in France's career of conquest will be a Franco-German war. Most competent judges of the situation believe that this war must come, that it is only a question of time. There is a movement among the youth of Germany, as natural and spontaneous as it would be among the English-speaking peoples, to resist oppression and to prefer any alternative to the prospect which lies before them. A people with nothing to lose by desperate action is always dangerous.

The next war will differ from the last in one respect whose importance cannot be overrated—the first encounters will take place on German soil. Eastern Germany is far from France and does not feel the full weight of the invasion. Preparations can and will be made, however slowly, and Germany may find new allies if not friends. Soviet Russia is ruled by able and ambitious men who have no cause to love the French and who aim at making the Red Army second to none in efficiency and equipment. They will readily perceive that by enlisting the technical skill and training of the Germans, who are adepts in these matters, they can achieve their purpose in a much shorter time. And the Germans, if forced by circumstances, though reluctantly, will accept Russia's help.

Should Germany with the help of Russia win the next war, neither Great Britain nor America, nor both together, would be heeded when the victors dictated terms of peace. What Germany won then she would keep, including coal mines and fields of iron ore, not to mention Channel ports. The English-speaking peoples would then pay the penalty for letting France abuse the Allied victory and flout inconvenient clauses in a treaty signed by a Prime Minister of England and a President of the United States.

Is there a way of averting this sequence of disasters? Would a conference restrain the French? Can counsel prevail where judgment is warped by prejudice and passions are inflamed by fear and greed?

In considering the answers to these questions it should be remembered that French procedure in the Ruhr and all over Europe is part of a systematic plan whose details have been thought out in advance, and which combines military, economic, and financial action with consummate skill. The men who have conceived this plan are ardently patriotic Frenchmen but not good Europeans; they base their calculations on the fact that France is self-supporting and an agricultural rather than an industrial state. When they talk of security they mean hegemony. To them glory and conquest are of more importance than any markets. They want money and believe they can obtain it at the point of the bayonet. Though trade is to them a secondary consid-

eration, they do not forget it, but think it will follow the flag. And in all this ugly business France's late allies have played into her hands. Ever since the armistice she has ridden roughshod over Europe; on no single occasion has any government or statesman dared to call a halt.

As a consequence, ambitious French generals and statesmen have come to believe there are no limits to their liberty of action; their appetite has increased with eating, and they are inclined to gamble on a continuance of our vacillation. Indeed, it may be said that in a sense the French Government is bluffing. For France, notwithstanding her African soldiers, is not in a position to make a serious war. It would be risky to mobilize French peasants to fight on German soil, or to make French "rentiers" pay when they expected an indemnity.

Perhaps the answer to the questions put above is that the French Government will go on bullying a disarmed and helpless Germany as long as the world lets her, and until the German people can save themselves; but that the moment they are resolutely tackled and made to face the facts, the French people will force their Government to be more circumspect. If, for example, that Government were informed once more that the occupation of the Ruhr was illegal and a violation of the Treaty of Versailles; and if it were also warned, publicly, that persistence in the occupation would involve repudiation by the other signatories of those clauses which concern the disarmament of Germany—then, even the hottest-headed chauvinist might pause. It is an odd and paradoxical situation, but it comes to this—that the arrival of some shiploads of munitions in German ports may be the first and indispensable preliminary to negotiations, whose final aim would be the prevention of a Franco-German war.

In point of fact the war did not cease with the armistice; it is raging now in another form which is just as destructive. The highest and most urgent task of neutral European and American statesmen is to intervene before it will be too late; to do so is a sacred duty. To remain passive spectators of this suicidal struggle would be a crime. But the task is not an easy one, and to accomplish it the Powers must speak with a single voice. Firmness is needed as well as a desire for peace. The French Government should be made to understand that, in the last resort, force can be met with force.

Two claims, seemingly conflicting, have to be satisfied: On the one hand France must have security, but not security based on armies and all the paraphernalia of modern war. On the other hand, all Germans must have the right to live as free citizens of a united Germany within frontiers determined by their race and speech; but at the same time, German industry must submit to certain limiting conditions. Since the armistice German industrialists have been able, and largely through the inflation of the mark, to free themselves from mortgages, extend their works, and evade taxation to a considerable extent. They are thus in an unduly favorable position for competition in world markets once they can get a start. If, through the efforts of other states, German industry is freed from the trammels put on it by French vengeance, common equity demands that the industries of those nations should have an equally good start. Lastly, all the Powers in concert should decide what Germany can produce in the way of indemnities, over and above the 55 milliards of gold marks which she has already paid.





*Drawing by Art Young*

The Next War



## The Young Men Go Down

By HARRY HERVEY

WHEN I first saw him he looked like a pigmy in a giant's cup of stone, a lone figure standing near the rock pyramids that flanked the approach to the monastery. Behind him, the Lamasery—the Hermitage of the Buried Monks it is called—trembled in the afternoon glare. The very air of the valley seemed asleep, and dragon-flies, drowsiest of insects, hovered over the gauzy dust that wavered up from the road.

He met us at the gate—a magenta-robed, long-haired youth of the Nyng-ma Order. A few words in Tibetan passed between him and my Lama guide. Obviously the latter was explaining that I was with the Expedition . . . that I wished to see the cells of the immured monks. . . .

He led the way to the gumpa or temple, and we dismounted in the courtyard. There, my eyes still aching from the sting of the sunlight, I studied him.

He was less than twenty-two, but his eyes gave him a mature, almost ancient expression—dark, somber eyes that challenged my memory. His features were dusky gold, with a suggestion of the Mongol in the salient cheekbones and thin mouth. No full-blooded Tibetan: his eyes were as melancholy, as haunting as those of the youths who live in the frosty twilight of the Lake Baikal region.

I wondered where I had seen him before; somewhere, I was certain. At the Mission quarters in Chang-lo? I doubted that. It seemed, instead, that long ago my brain had snapped a negative of those eyes (gloom and deep forests) and now their reappearance developed the picture.

From the dazzling sunshine I followed him into the temple, leaving my Lama and the Gurkha escort with the horses. The chapel smelled of incense and butter-lamps; a cool, cavernous place where burnished treasures smoldered in the gloom; altar ornaments and holy vessels of bronze; ancient Tibetan chain-armor and copper weapons embossed with silver and turquoise and coral. . . .

I was conducted into a courtyard in the rear. There the glare, reflected from the flawless aquamarine sky, was almost blinding, and a lone peach-tree shivered in the heat-waves. The young Lama gestured toward several large and crudely fashioned windows in the walls. Each was closed with a slab of stone; their very blankness was awesome.

"There . . . ?" I murmured, somewhat shocked.

He nodded.

"In darkness?" I pursued.

"Some have lights to read by," he answered slowly, with a clear enunciation that surprised me. "Their lamps are filled each day when water and tsamba-flour are given them."

His words conjured grim pictures: an atrophied finger tracing a passage in the Kanjur or Buddhist bible—a throat wrinkled like a mummy's—or a recluse in utter darkness digging at the riddle of Life and Death. . . . There was, suddenly, irony in the living beauty of the peach-tree.

"It is a life of prayer and meditation," explained the young monk, "entered into by those who wish to acquire merit or do penance. There are three periods: the first is six months, the second three years and ninety days, and the last—life. They"—with a wave toward the stone slabs—"are very holy men."

Upon a suspicion I asked: "You . . . ?"

A nod.

"But . . . " Again words refused to form.

Something like a smile stirred deep in his somber eyes, as though he sensed my horror of immurement and was amused that one should react against this holy practice.

"I enter the first period in four days," he informed me, acquiescence, even anticipation in his tone. And he added proudly: "I am from the North. We Mongolian Buriats are descended from Arahans, and our duty toward Spirit transcends allegiance to mere Flesh."

A word, an inflexion, a glance, something; and flint struck tinder, the spark flashed.

"In Darjeeling!" I pronounced triumphantly, for the memory unrolled like a scroll.

He nodded, no surprise in his face.

"Yes . . . Darjeeling." A faint smile, a reminiscent smile. "That was before . . . before I solved the riddle," he said absently. Then the smile vanished. "The Abbot is ill, but I am permitted to entertain guests. You will have tea?" . . .

We sat on cushions in a great, dim room where the horrors of the Buddhist Sheol were frescoed upon the walls and camel-gray mountains were visible through the one window. Chan Tsering (for he had told me that was his name) poured the tea—a sickening gruel mixed with butter—while two acolytes, maroon-clad, served, their sandals click-clacking on the stone floor.

"I met you in the old Lama's house," I mused, looking over my shoulder so to speak, and across a mental vista, into a little room where skull-masks and prayer-wheels and other Lamaistic emblems filled dusty corners, and a door opened toward icy, mauve-flanked Kinchinjanga. "You remember? You were going to teach me Russian," I reminded, smiling. "Where did you go? I came back the next day."

He did not respond to my smile.

"We left unexpectedly that night, Taglat and I," he answered solemnly. "Taglat was the Swami who was with me. He said we were going to Ceylon and from there to Russia."

"But you didn't?"

He shook his head. "I unlocked a riddle." And after a moment he repeated "A riddle"—gazing abstractedly at a cardinal-red curtain from behind which came the rattle of prayer-wheels and a monotonous intonation.

"I can remember that I felt this riddle as a boy," he continued thoughtfully, "up there where the tall pines grow out of the snow, near Verkhni Udinsk; even in the monastery at Urga . . . A riddle about men."

"You will understand"—he spoke directly to me now—"that I was very young when the Abbot sent me to Troitz-Casavsk to learn Russian and English, yes, very young, indeed—but not too young to see the thing, to wonder. I used to sit in the window of the school and watch the Siberian soldiers pass, with sunlight, gray winter sunlight, licking like white tongues on their bayonets. There were others, too, pale men from cities whose names confused me; Chinese merchants from Mai-mai-ch'eng, and Khalkas and Chakkars from my own country; young and old. But the old did not interest me; no; I watched the young men;

watched them pass, watched them go—going where?—and felt . . . How shall I say?"

He made a queer little gesture. "Picture a turquoise," he said; "picture, in its very heart, a flaw. You have seen a blemish in one of those stones and wished it were not there, yes? Then you understand how I felt when I watched the young men pass in Troitze-Casavsk.

"Women passed, too. And there were some . . . some with lips blood-red and cheeks white with rice-powder . . . but none so lovely as the Golden One; none. And, too, the Abbot had warned me against them."

A shadow had settled in his eyes. Apparently he did not see me, but, instead, gazed beyond at a person invisible. It was this ghost that he addressed.

From behind the cardinal-red curtain came a fragment of prayer: "'Om mani padme hum!' O, Thou Flower in the Lotus, hail!"

The invocation seemed to recall Chan Tsering to the fact of my presence, and, as one suddenly aroused from sleep, he looked at me and smiled apologetically.

"I forgot. You will pardon? But, you understand, you cause me to remember—particularly, the Golden One . . ."

"The Golden One," I repeated. "A woman?"

Again retrospection clouded his eyes, overcasting them with melancholy wisdom.

"It is my dharma that I tell you of," he said softly, dreaming as he spoke; "the dharma of one who sought the Way of Knowledge. I spoke of the Arahans. . . . An Arahant is one who has reached the state of Nibbana or perfect coolness after the fever of the flesh. To attain this state one passes through the Nirayas or Periods of Woe. In my instance, the beginning of this upward journey—which, like all soul pilgrimages, goes downward first—was when I set out for the Holy City of Lhassa. I was nineteen, then, and it was my first long journey. As a boy, I had seen the great caravans go south toward Tsang and Kham, had dreamed of the day when I, too, would travel to the Dwelling Place of the Auspicious One. But my dreams could not approach the reality, the exquisite reality, of those desert nights. . . . Campfires and the smell of camels . . . cold white nights in the snows of Kokonor, in the icy mists that hang between mountains mighty as the Red God of Thunder . . . nights when the air was clear and caravans of stars marched with us. The memory is sweet as musk!

"The day after we reached Lhassa, the Abbot took me into the Potala, that is, into the palace of His Holiness the Dalai Lama. Through a thousand halls we went, up a thousand stairs, and into the very audience hall of the Auspicious One. He said a mantra over tea and we drank. Then he told me that I had been sent to school in Troitze-Casavsk to prepare for the time when I would travel into the country of the Russians. That time had come. The British planned to send great armies into Tibet, to destroy its towns and its people, he said. However, the king of the Russians was friendly and had dispatched emissaries to Lhassa. Now he, the Auspicious One, would return the honor. Taglat and I, with another monk called Ghomang Lobsang, were going down into India to the Bodhi-druma at Gaya, and from there to Ceylon, and thence on a ship to some Russian port. . . . When the Auspicious One had concluded the audience, he pronounced the blessing of the Three Konchog, and we went back through the thousand halls and down the thousand stairs.

"A few days later we left Lhassa, Taglat, Ghomang Lob-

sang, and I; traveled across the Ammo Chu, past Chumbi; went down into the world. And there . . . there I met the Golden One."

In the following pause he sipped his tea; a perfunctory act. There were no sounds in the nearby cloister now; no sounds outside; a silken silence.

"In Darjeeling," he resumed, "I saw her for the first time. I was standing in the bazaar, staring at the white men who passed, when she came down the roadway, with the soft cling-clong of anklets and the dust rising in little golden clouds about her feet. Her eyes . . . her eyes were brown and soft as a night moth's wings, her skin pale yet dusky under the throat. And as she moved, the spangles on her head-scarf shivered like the stars on a winter night. She smiled—yes, at me—and passed. And I followed . . . to watch the sun light fires in her golden hair.

"She went to an inn where there were several other women, all dressed as she. Jugglers were there, too; and musicians; and a great crowd watching. A man was playing on a lute, another beating a drum. She danced. And as she danced, cobras rippled and swayed about her feet like black flames. And when they struck, when they hissed their hate-calls, she only laughed and danced the faster. And I stayed . . . stayed until she ceased, until I saw her coming toward me, smiling, for me to place a coin on her forehead. . . .

"The next night we went down from the mountains and to the Mahabodhi Temple in Buddh-Gaya, where the Sacred Bo-tree whispers of the wisdom that Prince Gautama learned under its branches. And—although I tried to think of the goddess Palden-Ihano instead—I thought always of the dancing-nautch of Darjeeling as she came toward me, smiling . . ."

"We traveled through many towns and at last came to the City of Seven Pagodas. A strange city . . . great waves beat like a drum on the beach, and most of the people are black, quite black against the white sand and blue sky." Suddenly he glanced at me. "You are thinking that in this new country I had forgot the riddle. But how could I? It was ever before me, in the white lords who passed, in the turbaned soldiers, and in the black and brown men. But I found the answer . . ."

"I do not know how I came to the Street of Throbbing Drums," he announced, lowering his eyes. "Taglat and Ghomang Lobsang were not with me. It was a dim street, for only a few lamps burned, and at one end a lonely palm leaned upon a purple sky. In a house a drum was beating. As I passed, it seemed to beat upon my eyes and heart. I imagined I could hear a musical cling-clong, imagined I could see her coming toward me, smiling. . . . But did I say I passed? . . ."

"A woman ran out and caught my arm. She was a nautch, dressed in silks crimson as a Manchu woman's mouth, and her lips, too, were red, but red with betel-stain. From her hair came the odor of jasmine, a sweetness that closed about me like a cloud of incense. But I drew away. I would have run had not another woman appeared from a house across the street. She spoke angrily to the nautch, she even struck her. And I saw her face, pale as a young moon in the night. . . . There is a cobweb over that scene. I remember that she led me into her house, and that I went—to watch the fires dance in her golden hair.

"She gave me something to drink, something cool and sweet like the chilled juice of berries. She seemed sur-



prised when I spoke Russian and asked many questions. Russia was her country, she said. But she was not like the Russian women I had seen. . . . Presently, as I sat there—ah, she was a pale gold poem in the lamplight!—I grew frightened, as I had that day in Darjeeling. I left. At the door her hand touched mine; yes, a thread of hair, too, fragrant as the branch of a sandalwood tree; and she told me not to come again to the Street of Throbbing Drums."

His voice tapered off into a whisper.

I remained silent for a moment, picturing the burnished beauty of that half-caste Magdalene whom chance had brought from Himalayan heights to the coast of Coromandel. . . . At length I stirred; sighed.

"But you did go back," I pronounced.

Chan Tsering looked at me then, and that illusive, melancholy smile slipped into his eyes.

"The next night Taglat, Ghomang Lobsang, and I prepared to leave for Ceylon to visit the shrines at Anaradhapura before sailing for Russia. After dusk we went out to a great ship in the harbor, ah, an immense ship! It would not leave until morning, Taglat said. After he and Ghomang Lobsang were asleep I lay there, in the midst of men who sweated and stank, thinking—thinking. I could hear the surf on the beach, throbbing like a drum. I listened, and my very heart seemed to beat with it. I saw her coming toward me, smiling. . . .

"And so . . . and so I stole out on deck. A sampan was beside the ship and I bade the boatman take me to the beach. There I hesitated, almost decided to go back. When I reached her house I found the door closed, but I opened it and went in . . ."

A russet undernote had crept into the sunlight; the mountains, dim with shadow, locked the valley in like a stronghold. I realized that I had overstayed my time. Yet I felt reluctant to stir, felt that I had a task to perform before leaving.

"But surely," I began desperately, "surely you won't let . . ."

But I didn't finish. For I saw in his face (a face strangely like that of St. John cast in bronze but for the slight obliquity of the eyes) the unshakable conviction of the East. . . .

"I could have returned to Lhasa," he declared, "and the Auspicious One, whom I disobeyed, might . . . Ah, only God can tell what might have happened! It was too uncertain. I could not go into Nirvana with a flaw. Here, in my cell, the days will be spent in prayer and penitence. And then . . ."

He closed his eyes; quoted:

"If thyself thou art muted as a gong that is broken, thou art come to Nibbana, the perfect stilling of the voice of self-assertion."

Then, suddenly, his eyelids lifted from dark, troubled eyes. "But in my sleep," he said, "when I dream, I still see them—the young men going down into the world; some grave, some laughing, some heedless but all seeking knowledge. . . ."

When I last saw him (we were riding over the hill toward Dongtse, and dusk lay thick on the world) he looked like a pigmy in a giant's cup of stone. Behind him, the Lamasery blended into the gray of the mountains. The very air of the valley seemed asleep.

## Warning to a Blasé Lady

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

Delicately discompose  
Your airy knowledge of the rose  
And learn awhile with me  
Of life's dubiety.

This sweet sophistication kills  
The ardor of the daffodils  
And feigns a doubtful trance  
Midmost our summer's dance.

So much is seen that we may see  
In icy perspicacity,  
But past our clicking brains  
Another world remains.

And there the rose is not the rose  
But something that may discompose  
Our wit; the daffodils  
Are of a race that kills.

And nothing that you there may see  
But has a tragic history,  
And subtly seems to dance  
To Time's deliverance.

So uneventful are our brains  
Beside the secret that remains  
Behind the idle rose  
And all our knowledge knows!

## In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER cannot resist finding a place for the following letter:

"MY DEAR DRIFTER:

"Do you remember the night we went to see Meggie Albanesi? I went to see her again last fall in 'The Lilies of the Field.' How charming, how brilliant, how sparkling she was! And now comes the news of her sudden tragic death at only twenty-four. At seventeen she left some academy of dramatic art—and walked right into the front of the London stage. Child of a talented mother—the novelist—her rare personality dominated a too-slight frame and the English public recognized her gifts even in the dark days at the end of the war. Never has anybody won the favor of the London audiences more quickly. There was a polish, a mastery of technique, an assurance, a skill, in addition to her sweet and fetching personal appearance, which confounded those who aver that it is only by a long course of training in stock that an actor can really be schooled into something worth while. The London critics could see no limits to her possibilities; Shakespearean roles, they were sure, were hers to be conquered as soon as ever she essayed them. Now they declare that there has gone a first-rate actress in a time almost barren of great dramatic figures—they have no one to compare with our Walter Hampden over there. And so the 'curtain has gone down at the end of the first act.'"



"THE FIRST SCENE, I should say. Never shall I forget the charm with which she played a part which had it not been skilfully done must have made the 'Lilies of the Field' ridiculous. It was the story of a country girl who made a hit in London by going around in a crinoline as a Mid-Victorian until, in a sudden overwhelming desire to be true to herself and her suitor, she stripped off the crinoline and stood, a slim young thing in undergarments, carrying the audience with her by the convincing power of her outburst. Meggie Albanesi in crinoline! It inspired some one to verse which the Playbox Theater program roguishly attributed to the Rev. John Head (Meggie's stage father in the 'Lilies'), 'upon the occasion of his first sight of Miss Meggie Albanesi in a crinoline.' I take from it these lines:

"The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown."

It seems a silly thing to do. But that's what's written down, And I have lately seen a sight which beats that marvel 'aisy'—To wit: the flimsy crinoline of Meggie Albanesi.

"ENVOY

"Dear friends who read these cryptic lines, I am not really crazy,

But devastated by the charms of Meggie Albanesi.

"THE MOURNER"

## Correspondence Germany Hungers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was invited by the Quakers' Relief Committee in Berlin to see some of their relief work done. Today I saw over 1,000 children get their Christmas dinner, which consisted of rice soup with meat and a loaf of bread. They were also given two yards of linen each. The children brought their own plates or little pails to eat from, and often they received second or third helpings to take home.

It is something horrible to see these starving children, twelve or thirteen years old, with bodies of normal children of eight or nine. It is evident that they have been suffering from starvation for a long time. I saw one child stumble and fall to the floor, too weak to carry her small pail of soup to the table. Mothers stood anxiously waiting by the door to take their children home with the bread and the linen and the remaining soup. I saw one mother look into her child's pail and when she saw it was empty one could read her thoughts at once. Another man and I induced the child to go back to get some more of the soup so that her mother would also have a little.

The mayor and others spoke with great gratitude for the people of the United States for feeding these children, and the children with their feeble bodies cheered and cheered. In their hearts will ever remain a warm spot for the people of the United States.

There are at present about 60,000 children being fed in Berlin by American Quakers—only a small percentage of those needing help. In one school, for instance, there are 700 children of whom only forty are being fed. At least half of the 700 children are underfed, but only in the very worst cases can assistance be given on account of lack of financial resources.

I do not know of a better way at present to help the starving children than for the people of the United States to support, financially and otherwise, the Quakers' Relief Committee, which is doing such good work with so little money.

Berlin, December 21

JOHN VAN NULAND

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Austrian League of Nations Union has taken the initiative of addressing an appeal especially to the Anglo-Saxon world in favor of the famine-stricken population of Germany.

We earnestly hope that the Anglo-Saxon world, without regard to their political feelings, will contribute to the success of our humanitarian work. We other Austrians know what the suffering of a whole people means, having suffered ourselves so much during the last years. But at the same time we are very grateful, especially to England and America, which kindly helped us during our darkest days. We therefore hope that Great Britain and America will help the German people in its terrible situation.

We should be very much obliged if you would kindly print this appeal in your great journal. Donations and checks may be sent by registered mail to our Vienna address, Vienna I, Elisabethstrasse 9, Austria.

Vienna, December 24

DR. JOSEF L. KUNZ,

For the Austrian League of Nations Union

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to thank the readers of *The Nation* who, after reading my article *Missing Most of Europe*, published October 3, sent generous contributions for the relief of impoverished students at the University of Munich. At the time I wrote the article I thought conditions in Munich could not possibly grow much worse; but I am finding now that I had no conception of just how much misery the human constitution can endure.

Last spring the *Ausländische Studentenhilfe* (Foreign Students Relief) could support a student on \$2 a month. When I wrote, the amount had risen to \$3. And now it is \$6—and still going up. With \$6 a month we can supply a student with one fairly adequate meal a day and a pound loaf of rye bread for home consumption: nothing very sumptuous, to be sure, but enough to keep him alive if he has no funds and can't find work. There are somewhere around 100,000 unemployed in Munich now, and a student hasn't much chance.

The *Hilfe* has undertaken to see a number of the most deserving and advanced students through their examinations; and despite the enormous rise in the dollar cost of living we feel we cannot repudiate this responsibility. Besides at least several thousand students eat their dinners at the *Verein-Studentenhaus* at reduced prices; and now, when it is most needed, we don't want to see this kitchen closed for lack of funds. To Americans this may sound like only another of the many appeals for help coming from Europe; but I am hoping to reach students or college graduates who will be especially interested to keep the German university student on his feet and enable him to aid in the reconstruction which, after all, must some time come. We can use also old clothes in good condition—shoes, suits, shirts, overcoats, hats, etc. Address all contributions and packages to the *Ausländische Studentenhilfe*, Universität von München, München, Germany.

Munich, December 1

HARBOR ALLEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask for a little space to call the attention of *Nation* readers to the starving condition of many well-known German musicians? Dr. Wölbing, in association with Herr Georg Heinrich, proprietor of the *Steingraber Verlag* and publisher of the *Zeitschrift für Musik*, has tried to collect money to assist German musicians. So far, however, their efforts have been unsuccessful in relieving the wide-spread distress.

It is not an exaggeration to say that scores of elderly artists whose names are known the world over are actually in a starving condition. Piece by piece, they have sold their household goods. Many of Germany's best public artists and composers now find themselves playing in motion-picture theaters, for the people find concert tickets too expensive a luxury to be indulged in at the present time. The majority of German musicians have, indeed, no profession any longer; they cannot travel to foreign countries; they are compelled to beg or to starve. Those who have been able to obtain some other kind of employment are very few. A musician makes a poor laborer in a country where unemployment is growing ever larger.

Thousands of American students have received their musical training at the hands of the very men and women who today are destitute and economically helpless. I know it is hard to conceive of an entire nation facing the slow torture of malnutrition and starvation, but that is the situation in Germany.

Will the readers of *The Nation* come to the assistance of Germany's musicians and composers? A month from now may be too late!

Contributions should be sent (either in the form of personal or bank checks) to Dr. Wölbing, care Verlag Steingraber, Berlin, W. 15; Uhland Str. 48, Germany.

Salzburg, Austria, December 7 JEROME LACHENBRUCH

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You were so kind as to open the columns of *The Nation* for October 3 to a letter of mine appealing for books, etc., on culture in the United States. It has been answered in a most wonderful way by many American people from Hawaii to New York. The number of parcels I received has grown so large that I am not able to thank each one of the generous donors personally.

We university professors in Germany have to be thankful that we receive at least the necessities of life so that we are able to pursue our aim of raising the young generation to the spirit of self-sacrifice for a rebirth of our country. But we are not able to buy any foreign books and periodicals or even too many stamps for letters outward bound.

So I am very thankful to *The Nation* for giving publicity both to my appeal for this literary material which had been lacking and to my thanks for its impressive fulfilment. The readers of *The Nation* have shown to me and my students that they at least in America are aware of the most precious thing that is at issue now in Germany: the faint belief in the common altruistic aims of this quarrelsome family of mankind.

Königsberg, East Prussia, November 21 GUSTAV HÜBENER

## One Little Boy

By Hugh de Selincourt  
HAVELOCK ELLIS:

"I have long regarded Hugh de Selincourt as one of the most interesting and original of our novelists. *One Little Boy* . . . is among the happiest examples of his art."

J. D. BERESFORD:

"What I so greatly admire in *One Little Boy* is Mr. de Selincourt's passionate and single desire to tell what he believes to be the absolute truth. No novelist has yet told the real truth about certain aspects of a boy's life as de Selincourt does here, honestly, I may say scientifically, and yet with such an intense feeling for beauty."

MARGARET SANGER

in N. Y. Tribune:

"*One Little Boy* is interwoven with irony and satire. But there is no stridency, no anger, in the pen of Hugh de Selincourt. Like his master, Havelock Ellis, there is only gentleness, tenderness, understanding. This curious blend of qualities makes possible in even greater daring in frankness of expression than the ordinary, since the author unites unusual power of expression with a fine delicacy of perception. He is never offensive or shocking. When we finish reading *One Little Boy* we realize as never before that the sins of the fathers that are visited upon the children are too often psychic sins—the sins of prurency, hypocrisy, suppression and inhibition, diseases which may be more devastating to the younger generation than actual physical ailments. Unless we are honest, straightforward, and frank ourselves, we cannot expect our children to be healthy."

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#### BOOK ADVERTISING IN CHICAGO NEWS-PAPERS FOR THE YEAR 1923

	Agate Lines	Comparison Agate Lines
The Chicago Daily News . . . . .	176,859	176,859
The Daily Tribune . . . . .	127,429	127,429
The Post . . . . .	100,532	
The Daily Herald-Examiner . . . . .	15,673	
The American . . . . .	5,589	
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## Books

### Greek Fundamentalism

*Hippocrates and His Successors in Relation to the Philosophy of Their Time.* By R. O. Moon, M.D., F.R.C.P. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

THIS little book describes briefly the physiological and pathological theories, most of them quite erroneous, which lay under the therapeutics of Hippocrates, and then goes on to deal with the ideas of his followers. Among these followers there were, roughly speaking, four schools, the Dogmatists, the Empirics, the Methodists, and the Pneumatists, and Dr. Moon attempts to relate them to the four schools of philosophy of that time, the Stoic, the Epicurean, the Skeptic, and the Eclectic. The relationship, it seems to me, was often very remote, and seldom very important. Whatever their differences over metaphysics, all these post-Hippocratic Munyons had at least one essential thing in common, and that was their common ignorance. Their ideas, as set forth by Dr. Moon, are almost unanimously nonsensical. One generation after the death of Hippocrates the new art of medicine, lifted out of absurdity by his genius and made dignified and honorable, had already returned to the scientific and ethical level of politics, labor leading, and fortune-telling. And there it remained for two thousand years.

Against Hippocrates himself I am surely not one to raise a clamor at this late date. He was the first physician to keep accurate histories of his cases and to publish them without editing them. He suspected all drugs, and believed in water, fresh air, and a simple diet. He wrote very sagaciously upon fractures. He gave his name to the professional oath which, even to this day, forbids fashionable New York doctors to charge a patient more for "curing" a cold in the head than his total annual income. He described malaria, epilepsy, and anthrax, and improved the art of bandaging. But even Hippocrates, compared to a first-year medical student of today, was a dreadful ignoramus, and the tragedy is that, for century after century, the fame of his genius served only to perpetuate his worst errors. Down almost to our own time his influence was so vast that it was scarcely challenged—and that influence was heavily against free inquiry, experiment, the establishment of exact facts. He created an art of medicine without creating an underlying science, and the art without the science was as useless as an army of brave men without guns. The nineteenth century had come before the human race began to unsaddle itself of his childish theory of innate heat, his still worse theory of the four humors, and his surgical doctrine that what is not curable by iron is curable by fire.

As for his followers, their influence was ten times worse, for they left no good to offset their evil. To this day many of their nonsensical notions survive in folklore and contribute to the prosperity of osteopaths, chiropractors, and other such quacks. Yet all of these men lived and flourished in the Golden Age of Attica, and many of them were the contemporaries and friends of Plato and Aristotle. What moral is to be drawn from this circumstance? The moral, I believe, that the modern world, succumbing to sentimental nostalgia, has permitted itself to overestimate colossally its intellectual debt to Greece. Why is the debit side of the ledger so persistently overlooked? We think of the Parthenon—and forget the endless puerilities of Greek philosophy, a curse to the world down to the time of the Renaissance. We remember Greek ceramics—and forget Greek politics, still surviving among us in gaseous, abominable forms. We cherish the name of Sophocles—and forget that the Greeks invented the actor. We recall Praxiteles with a sob—and forget that the therapeutics of such salient Greeks as Dexippos of Cos, Menodotus, Asclepiades, and Thessalus of Tralles, between the years 300 B.C. and 1800 A.D., probably caused a billion deaths and filled Europe with cripples and incurable invalids.

Habits of mind, particularly if inherited, are hard to break. Dr. Moon is an intelligent man and a very learned one, and so he must be well aware, if only unconsciously, that nine-tenths of the Greek physicians he discusses were of little more skill or sense than so many itinerant quacks. Their observations of anatomy and physiology would disgrace a schoolboy of today; their surgery was barbarous and idiotic; their medical treatment, nine times out of ten, was entirely illogical and ineffective; compared to them a country horse-doctor of the present takes on the majestic stature of a Karl Ludwig or a Virchow. Yet Dr. Moon discusses them with perfect gravity, and endeavors solemnly to relate their silly dogmas and guesses to systems of "philosophy" that, realistically considered, are even worse. I denounce this Hellenic fundamentalism and pass on. It is more dignified than that other fundamentalism which now engages the newspapers, but by the same token it is more hollow.

H. L. MENCKEN.

### Theseus Balks

*Labyrinth.* By Helen R. Hull. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

IT is much to be able to say, as one can of this book, that it is intelligent and records many delicate perceptions of personality and mood, even when one must add that it is probably intended chiefly as a thesis, since it does not too seriously concern itself with the difficulties of craftsmanship, of constructing those simple-seeming but infinitely ingenious nets which Turgenev, Balzac, Flaubert, James, and other great novelists spread for their prey.

The argument assumes that a job outside the home constitutes self-expression, and without touching upon the inadequacy to that end of most jobs available in our industrial order, or the fact that self-expression is too often crammed into the leisure hours after work, whether that work is done in or outside the home, by men or women, regretfully records the failure of a woman with a husband and three little children to hold one down. Miss Hull is evidently almost overwhelmed by the difficulties and objections though she shows them to be arguable, and though she fully savors the humor involved in its being considered quite the thing for a woman to leave her children in the evening when her husband wants her to go out with him, but criminally negligent for her to leave them in the daytime to do some valuable work. And eventually she lets this particular woman be defeated and driven back to the approved domestic drudgery because the objections to her working career are held to be valid by the people with whom she lives. In the words of the introductory fable, Ariadne would not have been able to slay the monster without the help of Theseus, and the modern Theseus won't help. Or as Catherine's staunch feminist friend sums it up, "Women can't alone. Not without men helping them. Being willing to help them," a conclusion which one doubts on the lips of any feminist, since it is so at variance with the facts in woman's long struggle to win for herself the right to a personal life other than that she lives through her husband and children.

It is a serious defect in the book that it generalizes from individual and limited grounds. Charles may still be the typical man, but if so it ought to be possible for women to laugh him out of existence in the next half-dozen years, for Miss Hull shows him childish, petulant, a philanderer who wants a wife always at hand so that he can creep back to her to be mothered whenever his clandestine affairs strike rough going. In short, woman must give up trying to stand alone not because she is unable to do so, but because man needs her for a crutch.

There are other exaggerations. Children are more open to reason than the exigencies of this argument permit us to believe, and quite susceptible to pride in their mothers' outside achievements. It is difficult also to believe that all of Catherine's \$250 a month salary need have been absorbed by her domestic substitutes, since the same brains which made her a

successful investigator might have been supposed to enable her to run her house successfully by proxy.

The book reinforces the belief that the whole matter is a problem chiefly because we have struggled with it as such. Let once the generalization be accepted that it is fitting and desirable for a woman as for a man to have substantial activities outside her home, and the problem vanishes. That is not to say that life immediately becomes a charted, easy affair, only that it is not necessarily more complicated by a mother with a job than by a mother without one. Possibly less so, if we are to believe the educators who tell us that one of a child's greatest handicaps is a too devoted mother. For if a woman is to find her only self-expression through the personalities of others, it follows that she may commit the unpardonable sin of remolding those personalities to make them express her.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## Nature and Nurture

*Anthropology.* By A. L. Kroeber. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

MAN, to the anthropologists, is a being whose distinguishing trait is that he has everywhere and always built up around himself an environment of traditional ideas, material adjustments and institutions, which transcends the individual as it transcends the physical processes in which it is ultimately rooted. This environment, or "culture," we are peculiarly ignorant about. We tend to explain its manifestations in terms of individual psychology, or of misapplied biology. Habitually we do not take into account at all the existence of cultures different from our own. Even in realms where provincialism would not be tolerated if it reached the light of day, we nevertheless are content to limit history to the story of our own antecedents around the Mediterranean basin, and to accept in sociology "laws" that are obviously applicable only to our own moment of white civilization.

Mr. Kroeber's book is a most stimulating presentation of the knowledge and lack of knowledge at the present time concerning these processes of cultural growth and diffusion. It is full of matter, but a book nevertheless so easily and intelligently presented, pervaded by so individual and wise an insight, expressed in so rare a surety of phrase that it stands high among those books to which the intelligent non-professional reader may go to discover the results of modern research.

The fundamental question, as Mr. Kroeber conceives it, to which the labors of anthropology are directed, is in how far the forces at work in civilization are cultural, and in how far organic or due to heredity; what is due to nurture, in the rhyming phrase, and what to nature. It is first of all necessary to be able to recognize those elements that are received from tradition, those which are ours because we have been brought up in a particular group or country. Only then can we presume to discuss that residue which is due to heredity and to the psychology of the individual.

Thus, in his discussion of race problems, he is fundamentally concerned with stripping off the cultural factors that have entered into the history of the great divisions of mankind, leaving in the end, as the total remainder of all the noise and shouting, nothing more than a problem of qualitative differences as yet unproved. He considers it as in the highest degree probable that congenital differences can ultimately be shown to exist in the mental as well as in the physical make-up of races, but no approach to the problem has yet been made the results of which may not be explained as due to facts of culture.

Culture plays a prominent part in what so often passes loosely as the biological problem of race, and Mr. Kroeber shows that it plays an equally important role in matters that are just as likely to be explained in terms of individual psychology. The seven-day week is not an instinctive need of mankind, nor even the logical consequence of man's early observations of

the passing of the sun and moon around the earth, but an arbitrary invention of one time and place, spread in several thousand years over the face of the globe. So also the arch and the alphabet; among all except one of the innumerable peoples who make use of them, that use is explained by the fact of diffusion or borrowing, and the problem involved is one of the social acceptance of a cultural trait.

The book, however, is not consistently focused upon the author's stated goal of the interpretation of the relations between the social and the organic forces in civilization. A considerable proportion is a topical presentation of the traditional main concerns of anthropology; of prehistory, especially, which he has expanded in the last chapters beyond the usual facts of paleolithic man to a rather cursory review of the prehistory of the world. In this Mr. Kroeber follows accurately the history of anthropological preoccupations, but it follows that the promise implied in his definition of the problems of anthropology is relegated for a considerable portion of the book to the role of the incidental and the illustrative. His discussion of aboriginal American culture, especially, where his knowledge is most rich and intimate, is organized toward the task of establishing time sequences and stages. The section on native California religion, which he uses as illustrative of the reconstruction of undocumented history, attempts very little more than a crude equation of space to time—the geographically widely distributed to the ancient, the locally distributed to the modern. Some such equation is of course one of the indispensable tools of such reconstruction, but it is capable of taking a finer edge.

The double approach of which Mr. Kroeber has made use, now from the angle of culture, now from that of time-sequences, makes possible the inclusion of a larger amount of anthropological fact than would have been possible otherwise. He has written the first book to make available both the raw material and the fundamental point of view of modern American anthropology, and he has done it with a felicity of phrase, a sanity, an individuality of outlook that leave us greatly in his debt.

RUTH BENEDICT

## "Sport with Human Follies, Not with Crimes"

*The Outline of Everything.* By Hector B. Toogood. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

*Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind.* By Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran Company. \$2.

*The Collector's Whatnot.* Compiled by Cornelius Obenchain Van Loo, Milton Kilgallen, and Murgatroyd Elphinstone. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

WE have been told on high authority that "the remedy for democracy is more democracy." It needs no Byzantine logothete to press the analogy and to coin such unimpeachable adages as that "the remedy for misinformation is more misinformation" and "the remedy for ignorance is more ignorance." Acting apparently upon this principle a successful English dramatist and a reputable Royal Academician have been standing sponsors for certain "Outlines" of the world's art and literature from which it is expected that the demos will derive a thin smattering of culturine. I had thought to review these much-advertised "Outlines," but I have been convinced that such talents as I possess as a reviewer are of a serious and sober cast, and the volumes in question can be properly reviewed only by a Master of Burlesque. Perforce I must restrict my comments upon contemporary letters and arts to a few works of serious import, such as the three volumes under consideration. To be sure, the inattentive reader may be deceived into classifying these volumes as burlesques. In reality they are propaganda in favor of good, old-fashioned, much-neglected common sense; and they are cordially to be recommended to subscribers to advanced periodicals, devotees of civic forums, members of



women's clubs, patrons of little theaters, visitors to one-man exhibitions, haunters of cozy bookshops, frequenters of odd antique shops, girls with abbreviated heels and hair, men with artistic neckties, and other odd ingredients which boil and simmer on the surface of the American melting-pot.

The learned Doctor Toogood, with the cooperation of Sir J. Arthur Wellswater, Mr. Hugh Jawpole, and other distinguished specialists, has managed to compress an epitome of everything within the compass of a modest volume by means of an ingenious classification of all knowledge into -ologies, -ographies, -osophies, -isms, -onomies, and so forth. Like Bacon, and with similar success, he has taken all knowledge as his province and into this ample domain he introduces the willing reader. His method is that of the elimination of the non-essential. A thorough knowledge of the wombat is an open sesame to the insignificant remaining details of biology. What more need the average cultured reader know of Dante than that he "wrote the 'Divine Comedy,' but it is no joke to read it"? A Day in the Life of an Amoeba makes clear the mystery of evolution. The humble asterisk serves as a satisfactory diagram of the appearance of the planets. A distinguished authority contributes, for a stupendous emolument, a special article on Me and the Great War. I have mentioned but a few features of this invaluable compilation. True, the editors may not have succeeded in their high-hearted undertaking. Some readers may close this book without knowing everything; but upon their hitherto purblind faculties will have dawned some appreciation of that neglected and misprized but, by some of us, ardently desiderated quality, the aforesaid common sense.

I have sometimes wondered what sort of precipitate remains upon the infantile intelligences that have been held for a time suspended in the solutions concocted by Mr. Van Loon. Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart has tackled that problem in his satirical outline of progress, which is the second volume on my list. The wealthy Aunt Polly undertakes to "do something for" the three children of her less fortunate sister; and in a series of instructive afternoons tells them the story of mankind from the amoeba, through the cave man, the Egyptian, the Greek, Roman, and Crusader, to that apex of modernity upon which her husband, bulwarked between bank and church, is comfortably and complacently perched. The edifying narrative suffers certain changes as it passes through the alembic of the children's imagination; and it emerges in their games and squabbles, studies, chatter, and other activities as something rich and strange. Inconvenient questions are propounded; problems in childish casuistry are mooted that shock Aunt Polly; her effort to organize an army of Christian scouts, under the banner of the cross, breaks up in a free-for-all fight. Mr. Stewart has seen very far into the minds of children; nor are his portraits of adult characters less admirable. The millionaire banker; his spoiled, priggish, cry-baby of a son; his skeptical young nephew and nieces; the captain in the American Legion who drills the scouts; the successful clergyman—such a good sport, so liberal, so clever—who is honorary chaplain: these and other figures are deftly drawn. And the background of plushy elegance, limousines, and country clubs is thoroughly in keeping.

These two books may do some good. Alas! I fear that the mission upon which the authors of "The Collector's Whatnot" have set out is a hopeless one. The fads and follies of the collector are past hope and past cure. His eagerness, his greed, his willingness to descend to trickery, his pretended expertise, his credulity, his gullibility, his self-styled superior taste, his pose of aestheticism—all are beyond the reach of the sword of common sense and the silvery arrows of the Comic Spirit. He wears the enchanted armor of the elect. His good breeding conceals his scorn; and he turns away to his bibelots and pettieries, his dingy antimacassars and rickety whatnots, confident in the possession of "that personal taste that is distinctive" and murmuring in well-modulated tones: "They do not know; they cannot understand." SAMUEL C. CHEW

## The Old and the New

*Jealousy, Enemies, The Law of the Savage.* By Mikhail Petrovich Artzybasheff. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

*A Week.* By Iury Libedinsky. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

TO feel the force of Mr. Ransome's statement, in his introduction to "A Week," that here is something new out of Russia, read Artzybasheff's three plays on marriage. For here is something old enough to make almost anything seem new: old situations—marital quarrels, assignations, discoveries, deceptions, crimes of passion; old familiar characters reminiscent of his pre-revolutionary books—the student with tuberculosis, the pessimistic old doctor, journalists, officers, idle and aimless women; hoary old generalizations about men and women, particularly women, which boil down to some biological truism like "men are men" and "women are women."

It is apparently for the sake of the generalizations about sex and marriage that the plays were written. It isn't enough that the characters should express them, appropriately enough, out of their own emotional exasperations. The author has set them all forth in the preface, with the result that we begin to read the plays with a predisposition to argue, not to feel. Here are a few: woman isn't the same sort of human being as man (though she is a human being, it is conceded); they inhabit entirely different worlds; sexual desire builds a narrow bridge across the chasm; no matter how much husband and wife may love each other, they will, remarkably enough, always remain man and woman; a happy marriage is impossible, for man and woman are separated by an abyss of mutual misunderstanding; it would be possible only if the two sexes became absolutely alike in their modes of life, their physical and spiritual characteristics, and their reactions toward other people; "otherwise marriage becomes but a series of compromises and mutual concessions, which invariably infringe on the most precious right of a human being—personal liberty."

Is any human relationship free from compromise and concession? And how extraordinarily dull if any two people became identical! One incidental phrase is more significant than all the generalizations: "just as it is indecent and terrible that the spiritual life of man should be so closely linked with his animal needs . . ."—hatred and fear of the body. No psychoanalyst would pass by that admission without scenting a complex.

Most of the situations in the plays arise out of the assumption expressed by the author and his characters both, that men want only one thing from women—instead of the thousands of things they actually do want; and that the only problem of marriage is sexual fidelity. Only in "Enemies" is there any recognition of other factors. An elderly professor and his wife play a variation on the theme dear to Strindberg and Hauptmann, that the creative genius of the man is often frustrated by marriage. "Geniuses are unhappy married"—"And so are their wives," retorted Mr. Dooley.

The professor is far more interesting than the cynic and sensualist who betrays his friends and seduces his wife's sister and finally murders the man to whom his wife had gone to take revenge in kind on her husband ("Law of the Savage"); or the Othello who goes nearly insane because he can't tell whether his wife is lying or not—it was fairly obvious she was—and strangles her ("Jealousy"). After these performances it is an immense relief to turn to "A Week," where people kill one another for other reasons than sex and where the author is not trying to prove anything. It is this last virtue—the absence of propaganda either revolutionary or counter-revolutionary—that Mr. Ransome, surveying the field of recent Russian literature, finds encouraging.

The young author takes a minor incident of the hostility in the provinces between town and country, communists and peasants, and handles his carefully selected group of Whites and Reds as if they were all simple human beings. Fresh and sincere as his treatment is, he doesn't really break with the old

tradition. One is reminded of Chekhov, Dostoevski, Tolstoi. Of Chekhov, for instance, in the picture of the little town, which hides a timorous dislike of all change and stir; "the life of the people who live in these crowded houses is like a gray September day, when a drizzle of rain sounds monotonously on the window, and through the panes, lined with the running drops, you can see a gray railing and a red calf wandering in the mud." And there is a scene in the snowy forest, when five naked White Guards are executed, which thrills like similar scenes in "The Possessed" and "The Seven Who Were Hanged." To the young Communist who took part in the horror, life suddenly became meaningless, as it did to Tolstoi's Pierre, when he watched men executed. It was a frozen nightmare and afterwards, "it is just as if the blood of those naked White Guards had splashed my soul. They stick in my memory, undressing in the light of the moon, their trembling naked bodies, the rattle of the shots, and their groans." This is powerful, but not new. The book is not so much the literary pioneering that Mr. Ransome calls it as literary salvage.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

## A Fairy Romance

*Billy Barnicoat; a Fairy Romance for Young and Old.* By Greville MacDonald. Illustrated by Francis D. Bedford. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

GREVILLE MACDONALD, son of George MacDonald, is a magician in his own right. Heir to "At the Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," and "The Princess and Curdie," he adds to his inheritance a fresh creation of character and incident. He conjures with moonshine and sunshine. His fancy, now wild and whimsical, now beautiful and tender, plays with true flesh and blood and with shadowy creatures of a wonder-world. A mermaid, the white-maned horses of the sea, the witch's cat Kreepiclaw, Billy's own Caroline with her sensible cat's talk are all convincing—"as real as pilchards." Mr. MacDonald's way of combining humor with realism and fancy is straightforward and charming. As far as I know nothing like this book has happened before. A child discovers here for us a world of human experience.

The story is localized in Cornwall, where Jack-the-Giant-Killer was born—a region unique for wild scenery and simple legend and a most suitable setting for a fairy romance. Greville MacDonald knows Cornwall intimately and finds there the real human personalities necessary for his purpose. He has taken as his thesis a Spanish proverb, "'Tis Love makes all ranks equal," and proves it by bringing a high-born "Papisher" soul into contact with primitive Methodist fisher people.

The baby boy cast ashore with other treasure from the wreck of the "Maria Santissima" was rescued by Rachel Hornisyde, wife of the fisherman Jacob Hornisyde, and taken to live with them in Primrose Cottage. They gave him the name Billy Barnicoat. As the boy grew older he got his bearings in the Cornish environment, which, strangely enough, suited his Spanish temperament admirably. His adventurous spirit was rough at times and ready for the buffeting of the storms that rage along the rocky coast. We feel the close bond between the wind's will and the boy's will. Billy often heard Aunt Rachel's neighbors say: "He come on the wave an' he'll go on the wind," so he took it for granted that sometime he would be off on the wings of the wind and was ready when the time came.

Sometimes his mischief brought him into conflict with the elemental human nature of Jacob Hornisyde, a strong man who had "found religion." That often meant a "lerruping" for Billy—all for the good of his soul. But the triumph at the end of the book is Billy's when he succeeds in changing his Wrongs into Rights because he has conquered his own soul. Then Billy, a small boy, and Jacob, a veritable giant in his sea boots, meet as man to man on the common ground of their nobility. Their rank is equal.

Greville MacDonald understands the poetry and the whimsy in a boy's nature. He plays in Cornwall like a boy himself. Among the rocks dreaded by sailors but prized by wreckers—and by authors whose trade is romance and adventure—he finds a smugglers' cave, a shipwreck, and a Piskie Town buried in the sand. His aunt Merrymaid has flopped into the story straight from ballads centuries old, sung by lusty sailors and fishermen of the coast.

We see and feel far Cornwall in Francis Bedford's pictures, which interpret the lore of Cornishmen and the author's fancy gloriously.

Children eight years old (Billy's age when he began "plotting") are ready for their own adventures. Some like one kind and some another. The important thing is to give all children their chance to enjoy such a book as "Billy Barnicoat," which is as simple as its title and as profound as life itself.

HARRIET SABRA WRIGHT

## Books in Brief

*Illini Poetry, 1918-1923.* Edited by Bruce Weirick. Covici-McGee Company. \$2.

*Collected Verse* by The Poetry Club of the University of Chicago. With an Introduction by Robert Morss Lovett. Covici-McGee Company. \$2.

These two anthologies from the leading universities of that State which has produced Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, and Carl Sandburg are an indication among other things that poetry still flourishes in the Middle West, and flourishes widely there. Much of this verse is merely on the level of American college verse generally, and that at present is high; but the best of it is remarkably vigorous and original. T. P. Bourland and Lois Seyster Montross at the University of Illinois easily stand first in both collections, but Janet Loxley Lewis, Jessica Nelson North, and Elizabeth Madox Roberts at the University of Chicago are represented by pieces of genuine and native distinction.

*Aspects of Jewish Life and Thought. Letters of Benammi.* Bernard G. Richards Company. \$2.50.

There is very little of Jewish life or Jewish thought in the writings of Mr. Benammi. This is Judaism of the canned variety served on a platter of very primitive design. The Jews are supposed to be pure angels doing nothing but musing over the glory and super-humaneness of their religious inheritance. All who know Jews to be simply human and Judaism as a religion and a church, will read this book (if they ever do) with a feeling of pity for the author's naivete.

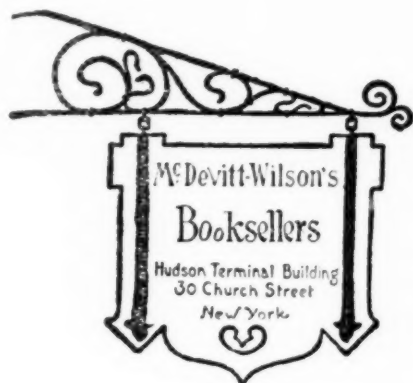
*The Tapestry of Life.* By Raymond Blathwayt. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

This is Mr. Blathwayt's intellectual biography. He is a firm environmentalist, and has omitted no influence, however trivial its outward seeming, which might help to make him a more accountable figure. Mr. Blathwayt is an Englishman, a traveler, actor, raconteur, interlocutor of great men, and a writer. He is pedantically allusive as only an educated Briton can be, and as colloquial as familiar habitation in Hollywood, California, can make him. So his style is, by turn, starched and limp, making the way hard, too often, for both narrative and reader.

*The Eighth Wonder, and Other Stories.* By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

These stories are compact and authentic; they have ideas and humor. Some are in the vein of "If Winter Comes," although one or two reveal a greater spiritual depth. Mr. Hutchinson might have expanded them into the dimensions of novels, but as they stand, they are well-considered and adroitly constructed narratives carrying no excess baggage.





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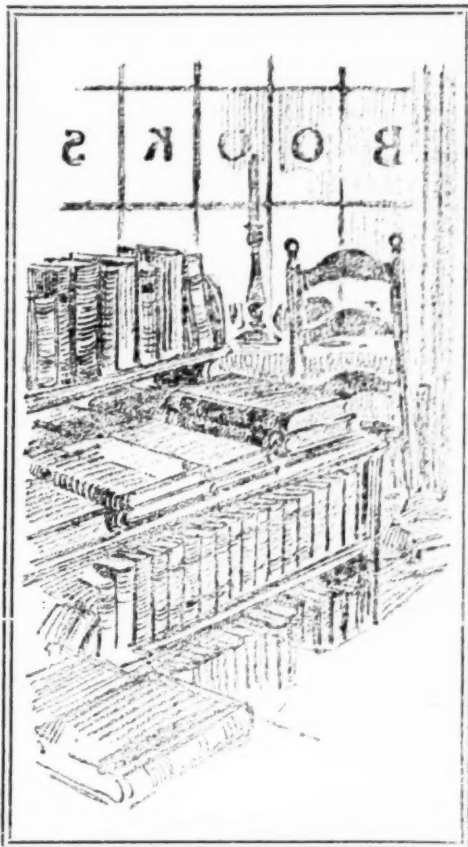
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## Drama

### "The Miracle"

THE DRAMA can pierce to one's soul through many mediums.

The simplest words of a brief play on bare boards can seem to say all there is to say about existence; so much converges in a single character that his whisper or his cry brings all the universe singing against the breast like an arrow. Yet exactly the same poignancy may be achieved by opposite means, and it has been so achieved by Max Reinhardt at the Century Theater. "The Miracle" is not merely vast and bold, as any good spectacle must be; it is what the few great spectacles on record are—it is subtle. The wealth of Morris Gest, the genius in design of Norman-Bel Geddes, and the art of the incomparable German have combined to create a picture of life which in the very quality of its completeness strikes intensely upon the mind.

The audience sits almost disregarded in the nave of a medieval cathedral whose solid columns soar out of sight in a dusk only accentuated by hanging lamps. Great windows of stained glass glow softly overhead and behind the reredos, and from some undiscoverable place an organ fills the church—it is never a theater—with appropriate sound. For half an hour the candles at the feet of the Virgin burn white and silent in their solitude; then two processions of nuns rustle along the cloister walks that flank the audience and swarm before the altar, preparing for the ceremony to come. A tall abbess instructs the young Sister Megildis in her new duties as Sacristan, and the tone of her authority is echoed by the jangling of bells far aloft in the darkness.

Now the main procession floods the aisles, and it is this, more than anything else in "The Miracle," that overwhelms. The reason is not so much that hundreds of people participate,

or that they are costumed to the point of perfect convincingness, as that they represent an old and important world come back to life. These Crusaders with their sloping shoulders, these awed villagers, these creeping nuns, these knights in cumbersome armor, these little girls in meek dresses, with small daisies in their hair—all these long-dead people are marching toward the Virgin, and they are gazing at her with simple and equal and adoring eyes. After seven centuries their desire is real again; together they approach the thing through wanting which they have forgotten that they exist; and the spectator's sudden sense of containing so much life within his separate soul is likely at this point to be too much for him.

The spectacle is never again so powerful. There follows the long story of Megildis—the story already familiar to many through Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" and John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun." Her seven years away from the church in the service of Life the Piper are necessarily rapid and confused; and Reinhardt is certainly right in making them prevailingly grotesque, with their Robber Counts, their Princes, their Emperors, their battles and feasts and mobs. But unity of course is missing; the spectacle becomes a spectacle, and the audience is at liberty to admire its magnificent variety. Only at the end does it draw back into itself, with the return of Megildis to the cathedral where the Virgin has taken her place, and where she discovers that her experiences elevate her almost to sainthood.

Lady Diana Manners as the Virgin is at all times profoundly touching. Her slow, pale movements and her inviolable gravity make the adoration of the crowd a credible thing. The crowd in every case is adequate to its situation. Rosamond Pinchoy plays Megildis impetuously and beautifully, though now and then with a slight stiffness, perhaps because of her inexperience. Mariska Aldrich as the Abbess is memorably stern. Rudolph Schildkraut is at once blunt and fine in the person of the insane Emperor. And over all these the ever-present Piper, Werner Krauss, performs a particularly difficult role with supreme skill.

MARK VAN DOREN

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# International Relations Section

## Italian Labor on the Rocks

By PAUL BLANSHARD

BEHIND a large flat desk in an office in Rome sits Edmond Rossoni, former leader of the I.W.W. in New York, now head of the Fascist unions of Italy. He is rotund and affable. "Yes," he says, "I know Mr. Gompers very well. You know we stand for the same thing as the American Federation of Labor—a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. It is a great mistake to assume that Mussolini is an enemy of labor; he is only opposed to international labor, not to labor that supports the nation. . . ."

"Yes, the government gives us protection. We have nearly two million members now. We will start a daily newspaper soon. Mussolini has given us permission. . . ."

Rossoni is like a figure in a picture puzzle. The whole Italian labor movement is in the puzzle and it is a puzzle without a key. There are no precedents to go by in analyzing the present situation. Fascism, which is itself a most complex movement, has been superimposed upon one of the most complex labor movements in Europe. The result can be compared to a camera film that has been twice exposed.

Three years ago Italy appeared to be following Russia. The seizure of the factories by workers led to wild prophecies by gullible journalists. The economic life of Italy was disorganized by constant strikes. In the spring of 1921 when the Confederation of Labor held its first national congress after the war the labor line-up was roughly as follows: The Confederation of Labor, which was definitely socialist, had about 2,000,000 members, not counting the independent federation of sailors and the Catholic unions, which had considerable strength in the Northern textile mills. The unions showed a marvelous and rapid growth. They trebled their strength in the years immediately after the war. Unlike the unions in England and America they had actually lost membership during the war. Along with the sudden growth of the unions there was a sudden and substantial growth of the Socialist Party, which at that time was the leading party in Italy with 156 members in Parliament. There was a feeling of expectancy in the air; it was taken for granted that capitalism in Italy was passing through its final stage. The Confederation of Labor voted down the Communists by 3 to 1, but the vote did not express opposition to revolution. It expressed a desire for an Italian revolution with no Moscow yardstick.

Then came Fascism. The Fascisti smashed the unions, they smashed the cooperatives, they smashed the Socialist Party. In the name of national safety they killed and castor-oiled and battered some of the best men in the Italian labor movement. They confiscated property ruthlessly and destroyed every independent daily newspaper in Italy. Far from being the motion-picture heroes described by the *Saturday Evening Post*, they often attacked the weakest places in the Italian labor movement, leaving alone the most dangerous revolutionary centers. Nominally, they were out to save Italy from communism, actually they spent their time putting labor in its place. They were successful in their campaign partly because of their own strength and partly because of the lack of capable leadership in the labor movement.

It is over a year now since Mussolini assumed dictatorship in Italy after the march on Rome. The year has been one of rapid and necessary readjustment for all those forces opposed to Fascism. In the industrial field the labor army is divided into three sections, the Confederation of Labor (Confederazione Generale del Lavoro), the Fascisti Federation (Confederazione delle Corporazioni Sindacali Fasciste), and the Catholic Federation (Confederazione Generale dei Lavoratori Italiani).

The Confederation of Labor, although reduced to about

400,000 members, still remains the most representative body of Italian workers in the industrial field. Even in normal times the figures of dues-paying membership among Italian workers are not of great significance. Italians are not noted dues-payers either in the United States or at home. The Confederation of Labor with some 400,000 members probably represents several million workers who are more or less loyal to its ideals, but who could not be officially connected at the present time without danger of battered heads. The confederation is not merely a convention of labor but a union of unions with power to call a national general strike. In 1919 it ordered a national general strike for the eight-hour day, but no strike was necessary because the Government yielded to its demand. It includes a few powerful national unions of metal workers, building workers, printers, electrical workers, street workers, and the fragments of many more. It also includes the city chambers of labor, which resemble our central trades and labor councils with this exception, that the Italian city chambers of labor have been vigorously revolutionary for many years. They have the power to call municipal general strikes and they have not hesitated to call such strikes for industrial and political reasons. During 1920 and 1921 the life of Milan was completely paralyzed on a number of occasions by municipal strikes ordered by the Milan Chamber of Labor.

The Confederation of Labor is now officially independent of the Socialist Party, having withdrawn its support last year when the Socialist Party expelled the reformists. In fact, the Confederation of Labor is run by the right-wing Socialists, who were expelled from the Socialist Party. Headed by Ludovico d'Aragona, the general secretary, these leaders have been maneuvering for some kind of cooperation with Mussolini, enough cooperation so that the local unions may be saved from further smashing. Mussolini has met them more than half way. The issue came to a head in a special convention of labor officials called by the Confederation of Labor in Milan in the last few days of August. The officials did not dare to call a great congress of workers for fear of Fascist raids upon the assembly and of Fascist persecution of local delegates. They changed their meeting-place twice in Milan and shifted the hour of assemblage, excluding all newspaper representatives. In spite of great pressure by the leaders the convention opposed actual cooperation with Mussolini and passed a meaningless resolution allowing "technical" cooperation. This means that Mussolini cannot pull the teeth of the Confederation of Labor by giving it a seat in his cabinet. In spite of the wobbling of the leaders the confederation remains the bulwark of working-class opposition to Fascism.

Meanwhile, the members of the confederation unions are not allowed to strike or to picket. They are intimidated by the employers and by the Government. But the confederation unions have grown in strength since last spring. In a recent election of a works' committee in the Fiat automobile plant in Turin the confederation leaders secured an overwhelming majority of votes although less than half of the workers belonged to the union.

The confederation has one great organic weakness: the railroad workers on the chief Italian railroads are not included. They have an independent union of their own which in the past has been rated as one of the most revolutionary of Italian unions. The absence of the railroad workers and the fact that Italy has practically no miners leaves the confederation without the two great mainstays of the labor movement of other countries.

The Fascist unions might well serve as a model for the industrial relations committees of our chambers of commerce. Their literature reeks of company-union propaganda. One can almost hear Governor Allen speaking at the employees' dinner of the J. Stuart Smith Company of Keokuk while the faithful

beneficiaries nod in well-combed satiety. "We stand for a realistic national unionism which recognizes the benefits of productive discipline, subordinates right to duty, and associates the destiny of labor with the destiny of the nation." (Official declaration.)

The Fascist unions have divided Italy into categories. The class struggle is abolished: it is superseded by the cooperation of categories. On the land, for example, there are three categories all in the Fascist unions: the farmers who work their own land, foremen and managers, and farm workers. They are never supposed to fight. "We do not believe in strikes," a Fascist leader assured me. "We settle our disputes by negotiation." The Fascist unions have recently made an agreement with the National Federation of Employers and Mussolini has issued a decree which will enforce contracts between employers and Fascist unions. The employers and the workers are to deposit money with the local government and the side which violates the contract first loses the money.

The Fascist unions have not gained many recruits from the city proletariat except the employees of local Fascist administrations. Scarcely any chambers of labor have gone over to Fascism in spite of the campaign of terrorism. The strength of the Fascist unions lies in the rural districts where the largest union in Italy, the Federation of Farm Workers, has gone over bodily to Fascism. This union with a membership of 850,000, constituted almost half of the Confederation of Labor, and it constitutes much more than half of the working-class membership of the Fascist unions today. It went over to Fascism chiefly because its members were helpless against Fascist raids when the farm owner cooperated to destroy the union.

The Fascist unions include all sorts of professional associations in their categories—doctors, lawyers, and midwives. They include thousands of foremen. They are organized in a highly centralized machine with Rossoni as dictator; he has the power to appoint or remove every secretary of every local Fascist federation in Italy. But in spite of the anti-strike gospel of the Fascist unions and the large injection of middle-class members, Italy has witnessed several Fascist strikes during recent months. In the province of Padua the Fascist union members rose and armed against the landlords who had formerly sent them against the Socialists. A Fascist strike against the chemical fertilizer trust lasted several months. A Fascist textile strike near Milan attracted some attention. Most of these strikes, like everything else which Mussolini frowns upon, receive scant notice in the press, but they are of great importance because of their effect upon the capitalist support of the Mussolini dictatorship. The landlords of Italy have been bled white in many districts in financing the activities of local Fascist hands: they are as fed up with Fascism as America was fed up with liberty-loan drives five years ago. The accession of many labor elements to the ranks of Fascism and a few Fascist strikes may cause a serious split among the Italian capitalists who are backing Mussolini.

The Catholic unions have lost their importance in the Italian labor situation. Their membership is small and consists chiefly of women in the Northern textile mills. They were organized before the advent of Fascism in order to give to Catholic workers an opportunity of belonging to trade unions which were not definitely socialistic.

In the political field Italian labor is as hopelessly divided as in the industrial field. The Socialist Party, which had already been devastated by the Fascisti, was finally split in two last year on the rock of Moscow. Since then the Socialist Party has had another split, also on the rock of Moscow. Today there are the reformists (Partito Socialista Unitario) with two daily newspapers in Milan and Naples, the regular Socialist Party with the great daily *Avanti*, which has maintained much of its strength through all the storms, and "the fusionists," headed by Serrati, who has been expelled from the Socialist

Party for continuing to attack and criticize it in his independent weekly *Le Pagine Rosse*. The reformists have most of the big leaders of socialism and they also have the Confederation of Labor, but *Avanti* continues to be the paper of the Italian revolutionary proletariat. The Communists have been almost destroyed as a party, although they still have several Communist deputies in Parliament. The old syndicalists have disappeared, some of them going to the Communists and some to the Fascisti.

Meanwhile, Mussolini dominates Parliament with only a handful of bona fide Fascist delegates and many small parties. The two largest parties in Parliament, the Socialist and the Catholics, are both officially opposed to Fascism and might command enough votes to overthrow Mussolini, but they cannot agree upon a suitable compromise policy. Of the Socialist delegates in Parliament the reformists have about twice as many as the regular Socialists. A reunion of Socialist forces is not altogether impossible if the council of saner leaders in both wings prevails. A coalition Socialist government backed by the Catholic Party seems to be the one plausible alternative to Fascist domination. The Catholic Party is attacked by the Fascist journals with the same bitterness that marks the attack on the Socialist parties. In July several Catholic papers were sacked and burned because the Catholic Party would not play Mussolini's game.

But, while local Fascist bands are fighting the Catholic Party, Mussolini is successfully playing politics with the Vatican. He has reestablished the teaching of religion in the schools and reinstated the crucifix in the classrooms. The church is putting its money on both horses, hoping that when Fascism and Socialism have killed each other off, the church may come in and dominate the scene with a humanitarian, middle-of-the-road program.

In spite of Mussolini's promises the condition of the Italian workers is deplorable. Real wages are low and they are going lower, especially in northern Italy. Although Italy is one of the worst countries in the world for statistics, it is possible to glean some general notion of wages from the reports of the Cassa Nazionale Infortuni, the government organization for workmen's compensation. The average wage of those workers who received workmen's compensation for injury in 1922 was 18.22 lire a day, which means that their wages will certainly not buy any more in Italy than \$10 a week would buy in America. As exchange goes now it is about \$5 a week. It is true that Mussolini has maintained the eight-hour day even on the farm, but the workers won this right originally through the unions.

The struggle between Fascism and Socialism is confined almost entirely to north and central Italy. Southern Italy continues to sleep in the sun, its village civilization quite apart from the industrialism of the north. Mussolini uses the south as conservative ballast in much the same way that a Northern Democratic President in the United States takes the South for granted. In both cases illiteracy is an important ingredient in political sluggishness. In north and central Italy the illiteracy ranges from 16 to 37 per cent (no statistics guaranteed). In south Italy and Sicily the illiteracy ranges from 50 to 58 per cent. The Socialist vote corresponds quite remarkably to the literacy of the people.

Originally the Fascisti were simply white guards out to crush the threatened revolution. Today there are indications that the whole basis of Fascism is shifting to an economic liberalism which will offer to labor all the most attractive substitutes for revolutionary unionism that can be found. Mussolini is making the most strenuous efforts to assume the role of defender of the nation and not defender of the capitalist class. If he succeeds in holding his capitalist support, Italy will be the scene of a great struggle between two types of labor thought, revolutionary-internationalism and patriotic cooperationism.



## The Janina Murders

WE print below the text of the report made by the special commission sent to Janina by the Ambassadors' Conference to supervise the Greek inquiry into the murders of the Italian delegation to the Greek-Albanian Frontier Commission. The *Manchester Guardian* of December 20 comments on the report and the decision of the Ambassadors in these words:

The Ambassadors' Conference appointed the commission on the express condition that its report should be forwarded to the Court of International Justice at the Hague, and that the Hague Tribunal should thereon decide what proportion of the fifty million lire deposited by Greece should be forfeited by her for her responsibility in the outrages. On the strength of this assurance Greece accepted the commission. The Ambassadors' Conference, however, never referred the report to the Hague, but on its own responsibility declared the whole fifty million lire forfeit. In so doing it went back on its word and by implication saddled the Greek Government with full responsibility for the murders. It had no evidence before it save that of the report which we publish today. Even if the report had found Greece clearly guilty, that would have been no excuse for taking the final decision out of the hands of the Hague Court. But, in fact, the report does nothing of the kind. The commission had only ten days in which to investigate, and reported that "it could not hope to elucidate the mystery" in that time, though it believed it was "getting near the truth." . . . Altogether the report is a document upon which no self-respecting tribunal would pass sentence, and clearly was not intended to be taken as such, for the commissioners at the end of the report suggest the proper procedure for pursuing the inquiry further. The Ambassadors' Conference had no right to arrogate to itself the right of judging, since it had already conveyed that right to the Hague. Least of all had it the right to judge on the strength of such evidence as the commission here brings forward. That it should not have dared to publish the evidence is natural, but confirms the belief that it acted, and knew that it acted, not in a spirit of justice, but in a spirit of base political expediency.

The text of the report follows:

By its decision of September 8, 1923, the Conference of Ambassadors decided to send to Janina a special commission composed of delegates from France, Great Britain, Italy, and Japan under the presidency of the Japanese delegate to control the inquiry operations carried out by the Greek Government with a view to the discovery of the authors of the outrage committed on August 27, 1923, against the Italian delegation to the commission for the delimitation of the Greek-Albanian frontier.

The Interallied Control Commission in Epirus, composed of Colonel Shibouya (president), Japan; Colonel Beaud, Italy; Lieutenant Colonel Lacombe, France; Commander Harence, Great Britain, was constituted at Janina on September 17 and immediately mapped out in its main lines the general plan of its work. [Here follows a list of the witnesses from whom the commission obtained evidence on which the report was based.]

### FIRST REPORT

In conformity with the instructions received from the Conference of Ambassadors, the commission on September 22 telegraphed to that conference the result of the observations made by it in the course of the first five days of its work. In the first report the commission formulated its findings as follows:

At the present stage of its labors, both by reason of the difficulties and of the complexity of the problem to be solved, the Interallied Commission of Janina cannot yet formulate a firm, definite, and unanimous opinion on the responsibilities incurred in the outrage of August 27. From evidence collected and from observations made by the commission it follows that—

1. The crime was prepared and carried out in conditions so minutely studied that clearly it is a case either of a political crime or of a vendetta carried out against General Tellini, in which the other victims were sacrificed by the assassins only for the purpose of removing all the witnesses of the deed.

2. The inquiry carried out by the Hellenic authorities after the crime certainly shows cases of negligence on the part of those authorities, but the observations made up to this date are not complete or decisive enough to allow the commissioners to judge whether the Greek Government ought to be held responsible for the negligences revealed or whether these negligences are the result of the defective organization of a police administration which disposes of imperfect means of criminal investigation. For the moment the Italian commissioner for reasons more particularly of a moral order inclines rather to the first hypothesis, while the other commissioners incline to the second.

3. Search for the culprits: On this head also the commission has established several cases of Greek negligence, but it ought to be pointed out that on the one part the atmosphere of mystery and fear which surrounds the crime, and on the other part the nature of the territory, make investigations difficult.

4. The commission is actively pursuing its investigations, and is making energetic representations to the Greek authorities to continue the search for the culprits.

### SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT

From September 22 to 27, the date on which it was asked to return to Paris to give an account of its work, the commission prosecuted its investigations and its researches both in Epirus and in Albania. It is able to define as follows the results of its findings:

#### BEFORE THE CRIME

(a) A fairly violent press campaign was launched before the crime against General Tellini, who was accused by public opinion of unfairly favoring Albania to the detriment of Greece in the work of delimiting the frontier between these two countries. The Hellenic Government appears not to have exerted itself to put a stop to this campaign or to calm down opinion, which had been stirred up by excited patriots.

(a1) The Governor General of Epirus and the authorities of Janina were aware of rumors which circulated in that town before the outrage of August 27, on the subject of the appearance of bands of brigands in the frontier region toward Kakavia (the point where the route from Janina to Santi Quaranta touches the Greek-Albanian frontier). Several days before the crime the Governor General had advised the Italian Consul not to travel without escort to Santi Quaranta, where he was to embark for Brindisi. Under these conditions it is astonishing that no special measures should have been taken by these same authorities to assure the protection of the Commission of Delimitation in the suspected region.

Even admitting that General Tellini did not ask for an escort, and even if General Tellini had refused an offered escort, it would evidently have been prudent for the Greek authorities to have insisted that General Tellini should accept this escort, and in case the general persisted in his refusal to have asked him to release them from all responsibility.

#### CONDUCT OF THE INQUIRY

In a general way the commission has established that the Hellenic judicial inquiry has been conducted with all the dispatch made possible by the habitual working methods of the Greek authorities. This inquiry reveals certain important gaps, to which the commission draws the attention of the Conference of Ambassadors.

(b) On the day of the crime the motor-car which carried General Tellini and his companions was preceded, at an interval of a few minutes, by the car of the Albanian delegation. The latter car held five people, not one of whom has been questioned by the examining magistrate of Janina. Their declarations might, however, afford a certain amount of interest.

(b1) The motor-car of General Tellini, at the moment of

the outrage, was stopped in the road by a barricade of tree branches which had been placed across the road by the assassins, who were posted in the neighborhood. That barricade would have afforded evidence for the trial; its constituent elements ought to have been preserved so that the finger-prints, which must have been on them, could be taken. It is true that orders were given with this object by the Hellenic authorities, but it appears that they were not precise enough. By the very evening of the crime the branches had disappeared, and were burned by the soldiers of the neighboring Greek post, although there was no shortage of fuel in the brushwood surrounding the post itself.

#### GREEK RESPONSIBILITY AS REGARDS PURSUIT OF THE CULPRITS

The crime took place on August 27, toward 9 o'clock in the morning. Now the Hellenic military authorities did everything to conceal the news of the outrage from the Albanian delegation which preceded General Tellini's car. During the whole day of the 27th this delegation, ignorant of what had taken place, was surprised at the general's delay in reaching the rendezvous, but the Hellenic military authorities forbade the delegation to return to Janina. It was only at 7 p. m. that the Albanian delegation received the authorization to return to Janina, which it had asked for several times.

Being prevented from traveling by a motor-car breakdown, the Albanian delegation asked the officer in charge at Kakavia to inquire into the reasons for the general's non-arrival. The answer he received was that General Tellini was tired and had returned to Janina with his party. It was only on the following morning that the Albanian delegation was able to find out about the disaster. . . .

It is a matter for surprise that the Albanian delegation, which was only 10 kilometers (6¼ miles) from the place of the crime, was not told of this crime by the Greek authorities, in spite of repeated requests. The officer in charge at Kakavia was close at hand and had a telephone with which he could communicate with the telephonic post of the Battalion Reserve from which was given the order forbidding the Albanian delegation to return to Janina.

It is proper to observe that Kakavia is only 40 kilometers (25 miles) from Argyrocastro, and that an Albanian telephonic post makes communication possible with the chief of police of that town. If, therefore, the Albanian delegation had been informed of the crime as soon as it was discovered, immediate measures could no doubt have been taken on the Albanian as well as on the Greek side of the frontier. . . .

The British delegate observes that if the crime was so carefully concealed from the Albanian delegation it was no doubt because Lieutenant Colonel Botzaris was afraid lest the inhabitants of the Albanian villages near the frontier, in which he perhaps knew there were some of the accomplices of the crime, might take steps to conceal the authors of the assassination and prevent their detection. . . .

It appears that Lieutenant Colonel Botzaris had the entire responsibility for concealing the crime from the Albanian delegation.

(c1) Orders certainly appear to have been given in good time by the Greek military authorities for strengthening the vigilance of the frontier posts and for pursuing the culprits, but these same authorities do not appear to have assured themselves personally of the execution of the orders given by themselves or by their subordinates. . . .

#### ALBANIAN RESPONSIBILITY

On August 31 an inhabitant of the Albanian village Causi (five to six miles east of Santi Quaranta) named Timio Lollo went and warned the Albanian authorities that a band of thirteen brigands had come into his village, that the chief of this band, Yani Vancho, a man of Greek origin, had admitted to him that he and his band were the authors of the crime, that he had recognized in this band two men also of Greek origin but Albanian subjects named Stefan Cerea and Gola Senitza.

The Albanian authorities of Argyrocastro, as soon as they were made aware of this deposition, dispatched to Causi a detachment of thirty gendarmes. With the exception of Stefan Cerea the brigands escaped toward the Greek frontier, which they succeeded in crossing again, thus passing into Greek territory.

The Albanian authorities did not inform the Greek authorities of the deposition made by Timio Lollo, nor of the events which followed it.

Moreover, on September 12 Stefan Cerea was placed under arrest by the Albanian authorities of Argyrocastro, a fact which again was never reported to the Greek authorities, nor was anything said about it to the Interallied Control Commission when it went to Santi Quaranta on September 17.

#### COMMISSION'S CONCLUSIONS

The problem to be solved is very complex. Much time and caution are needed. In the short period at its disposal the commission cannot hope to elucidate the mystery of the outrage of August 27. The commission, therefore, is not in a position to pronounce definitely and emphatically on the real responsibilities incurred. At the present stage of the inquiry it can only refer on this subject to the opinion already given in its report of September 22. Nevertheless, we seem to be getting near the truth.

On the one hand, the Greek authorities have laid hands on a bandit Constantine Memos, notorious in Greece for his numerous crimes and for the price placed on his head by the Greek Government. Nothing as yet would authorize us to declare that Memos was one of the assassins, but the past of this brigand, whom rumor widely accuses, furnishes a presumption of guilt.

On the other hand, the arrest in Albania of the bandit Stefan Cerea gives to the Albanian authorities a serious basis for inquiry, and allows one to hope that a clue has been found which may lead to the apprehension of the leader of the gang, Yani Vancho, whose confession was received by a witness who has made a formal deposition on the subject.

Before leaving Janina the commission deemed it a duty to communicate to the Albanian Government the information collected in Greece about Memos, to the Greek Government the information obtained in Albania on the Vancho band and on the arrest of one of its members, Stefan Cerea.

#### INQUIRY INCOMPLETE

But this precaution is insufficient if it is desired to ascertain the full truth. To arrive at this result it is indispensable to insure that complete understanding between the Albanian and Greek governments. This understanding can only be realized under the energetic pressure of the Ambassadors' Conference. The Interallied Commission, therefore, earnestly requests the conference to intervene with both governments in order that the inquiry should be continued in agreement with the judicial authorities of both countries. And in order to assure that agreement the commission suggests that at least one neutral person, an expert in criminal investigation, should be placed at the disposal of the Greek and Albanian governments.

(Signed) The President, SHIBOUYA  
The British Delegate, HARENCE  
The Delegate of France, LACOMBE  
The Delegate of Italy, BEAUD

#### ITALIAN DELEGATE'S DECLARATION

The Italian delegate asked that the following declaration be inserted after the present report:

The Italian delegate, while associating himself with the general lines of the present report, does so under the reservation of sending to the Conference of Ambassadors a special report about the circumstances which enable him to establish at once the grave responsibility of Greece, and to give indications which may lead to the discovery of the culprits.

(Signed) The Delegate of Italy, COLONEL E. BEAUD



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